

Merry Christmas

THE CHRONICLE'S

A SPORTING JOURNAL



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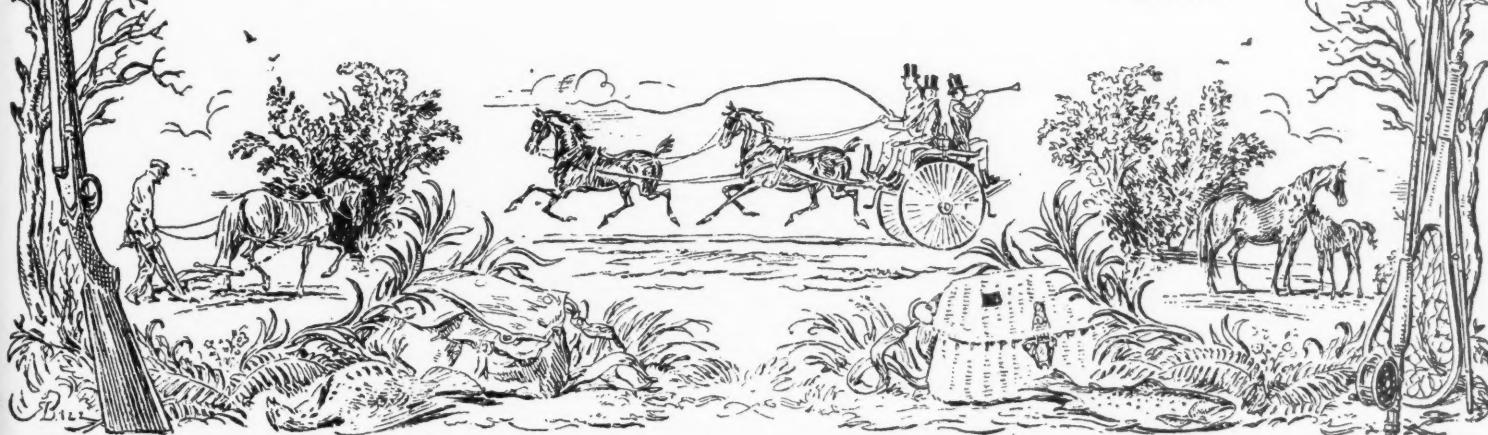
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Painted by H. Alken 1785-1851



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Details Page 3.



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TO ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE

Some people like to be politicians, some want business success, some like farming and others want to teach, yet we know that everyone reading The Chronicle likes horses. All kinds of things, and all kinds of people doing all sorts of occupations, but with one common idea, make the world, our own individual corner of it, a busy place. This Christmas and every Christmas it's a good idea to look up long enough from each particular grindstone to take stock of what our friends are doing and wish them well in the success of their endeavors.

The spirit of this wishing well has a good deal to do with Christmas time and it is even more important than the copious drafts of Christmas cheer which one can gather in to oneself throughout the Christmas season. There are so many purposes, aims, ambitions and cross purposes floating about, it is somewhat difficult to sort out the threads but if one can take the time there is a wealth of sympathy, understanding and knowledge mixed up in what each is doing or trying to do that is helpful to others round about.

There is a pattern to endeavor, a good pattern that spells honesty, fair dealing and the laudable desire to do a good job with whatever one is working on. This pattern is readily recognized and all those who are following it down the line have much in common with the other man. Watching out for one's neighbors is not a bad part of the idea of keeping busy. It makes a more fully rounded scheme of things upon which to work and there is no time like Christmas for thinking of it and commencing to pick up the threads.

Horsemen have one big jump ahead of many of their busy confreres in keeping that door open for good, friendly comradeship. They have a willing worker in their horses as a bond in common between each and everyone. One often looks around, sees a busy man, wonders what he is thinking, behind that little protective wall we build to hide some innermost feeling. Suddenly to one's surprise, there comes bursting out as plain as plain can be, the same love of a horse that is in your own soul. Then all of the inhibitions, the front, the nerves drop off like icicles before the sun. You think, "Why the guy thinks the same as me," he likes horses, too, and there you are, two people with a single thought. Gone then for the moment are the business worries, or the family cares, and there instead are thoughts in common about a horse, any horse.

It is always an inspiration to feel this interest. It is like the stamina, courage and ability of a really fit horse under you. One that is well made, knows what to do and with the temperament to do it properly under any circumstances, the result of being taught it by someone's patience, skill and good horsemanship.

Good horses may be born, but they are never made without a lot of thought and care on the part of a good horseman. He may be a business tycoon or he may be a farmer or he may be a preacher, but if you like horses, too, you have something very deep in common with that man. There is a Maryland girl who is a fine horsewoman. She comes from a family of fine horsemen. She has a horse which she made herself and for which someone offered her an extremely high price. "What," said she, "Sell my best friend!"

That girl could probably have used that money. It would have meant a lot to her, but it did not mean half so much to her as the horse that was going so well for her. Such a horsewoman could not fail to have a host of friends, for that type of action spells a big heart. It is such acts that can make us be of good cheer this Christmas, make us realize there is still fun and sport enough ahead to say with a gay heart, "Merry Christmas one and all."

CHRONICLE QUIZ



1. WHAT IS MEANT BY THE EXPRESSION
"LAY A TOE"?

2. What is a Baucher snaffle?
3. In what months are the following races run: Santa Anita Derby, Widener Handicap, Experimental Free Handicap, Meadowbrook Steeplechase Handicap.
4. What is a spinney?
5. What is the most important horse show in Canada?
6. What is the length of a period in a polo game?

(Answers on Page 22)

Letters To The Editor

True Harriers

Dear Editor:

In reading Mrs. S. E. Badger's very interesting and informative article on the Beagle Trials at Aldie, I came across an error which I should like to take this occasion to correct.

In describing the so called "American Harrier", Mrs. Badger quite properly calls them oversized beagles; however, she errs in describing real Harriers, i. e. "English", as "part oversized beagle and part English fox hound". While it is true that up until the early part of the nineteenth century any hound used in hunting the hare was termed a "Harrier" and the variety seems to have been infinite. Nevertheless by 1840 Nimrod wrote "The modern Harrier bears no greater resemblance to the one in use 50 years back than the hunter of the present day, to that ridden by our grandfathers. In fact, he is now nothing less than a fox hound in miniature which it is the endeavor of all breeders to have him". By "miniature", Nimrod means 19 to 21 inches. So while it is true that some of the very early packs of Harriers in all probability did have some oversized beagle in them as well as many other kinds of hounds; and it is almost certain that the beagle and the Harrier do have common ancestors, probably in the Southern Hound, for example, imported from France at an early date; it is not correct to describe him as part beagle and part fox hound.

There are now only two types of Harrier registered in the Masters of Harriers and Beagles Kennel Stud Book, Harrier section, which was established in 1891. Of the so called "Modern" or Stud Book Harrier, Buchanan—Jardine in his book "Hounds of the World" writes: "What is termed the modern Harrier has always at least some fox hound blood in his pedigree and is quite often or purely fox hound origin. Fortunately, some of the best strains of the latter were used in forming the modern breed and were entered as foundation stock in the Stud Book in 1891, with great benefit to Masters of Harriers today". Of the other type, the West Country Harriers, which were more recently given a special section in this book, the same author writes: "The West-Country lemon or badger—pied strain partially descended from the old fashioned staghound."

From all this it is plain that there has been no "oversized beagle" in the real Harrier for a long time and very little of the beagle blood even

in the early times as compared to other breeds. The Harrier is much more akin to the fox hound except that he is a bit smaller, which, in my opinion, is one of the things which makes him an excellent fox hound for this part of the world.

Yours truly,

S. Prentice Porter
Cobbler Hunt
Delaplane, Virginia.

Riding Regulations

Dear Editor:

Will you allow me to make a few comments on the article by Mr. Wulff in your issue of Oct. 31st last?

I would like first of all to call Mr. Wulff's attention to the fact that, probably owing to an oversight on his part, he has written that "dressage is the whole training, high school only a part of it" whereas exactly the contrary is the case, dressage being part of high school. Among the numberless authorities that I could quote is the British Riding Club's official publication "Directions and Rules for Equitation" published in London in 1939.

May I add that what Mr. Wulff calls the Germanic and Romanic schools have common roots in the 16th century Neapolitan school of equitation whose founder, Federico Grisone, known as "the father of horsemanship" wrote a famous treatise in 1550 which was the sensation of the day and was promptly translated into the principal European languages.

With regard to such artificial movements as the gallop to the rear, the gallop on three legs and the march with extended front legs (commonly known as the Spanish step) Mr. Wulff is misinformed for they are not admitted anywhere as proper high school movements. Furthermore the Vienna school never was "a private circus of the Austrian Emperors" but the traditional German centre of the "classic" high school, of which Saumur is the French, and later, version, both tracing back their origin to the Grusone school through the latter's contemporaries and pupils Cesare Fiaschi and G. B. Pignatelli and Pignatelli's French pupil Pluvine—one of many foreigners who, in the 16th century, came to Italy to learn horsemanship, and spread the Italian method all over Europe.

I quite agree with Mr. Wulff's statement (rather surprising in a high school voluntary) to the effect

Continued on Page Three

1

Alken Started His Art Career As Miniaturist

From the flourish of the whip lash of the boy on the Cock horse to the way the horses spring into the snow, and even to the erect carriage of those on the top of the stage, Henry Alken's drawing bespeaks a merry England of another day. There is always something invigorating and enthusiastic about Henry Alken's drawings and this picture is one of the best examples on The Cover.

Who could be enthusiastic heading into a gigantic snow drift with a heavy coach already up to the axles, but they were a hardy lot, those 18th century Englishmen, a devil may care group of individualists on their island fastness whose ardour for movement and progress nothing could dampen, and whose enthusiasm was so well understood by this prolific artist.

Old Henry Alken as he is often referred to by contemporaries of the day, started his painting as a miniaturist at the age of 16. As a pupil of John Thomas Barger, miniature painter to the Duke of Kent in London, Henry learned miniaturist qualities which he carried through in his later work even when horses and riders ran as many risks as John Myton, whose picture he painted. The Melton hunt, one of Alken's most famous series of hunting drawings done in pencil has the detail and finish of a true miniaturist.

Perhaps this is one of the charms of H. Alken, for so much of hunting and sport are in the infinite detail of a horse's stride, the appearance of a rider, the set of a fence, the cock of a horse's ears. Alken was a real horseman and it is thought that he once tried his hand at training and selling hunters. Certainly his book, "Beauties and Defects in the Figure of the Horse" published in 1816 bespeaks an intimate knowledge of the subjects of his art. A book of first hand information, even today, its last nine pages offer good hints to horse purchasers.

Letters To The Editor

Continued from Page Two

that high school "has no special purpose except being an art in itself serving the public as entertainment." This has always been my contention whenever the "usefulness" of high school was brought up and I congratulate Mr. Wulff on his admission for if in Grisone's and Pluvine's day such training had a raison d'être for the good reason that equitation served other purposes than it does now—speed being no object and jumping practically unknown—we require entirely different services from our mounts, pace and jumping being paramount. To both, in my humble opinion, advanced dressage and high school are deleterious.

Thanking you for your hospitality believe me.

Sincerely yours,
Pierro Santini

Palazzo Borghese, Rome

Give the Judge A Hand

Dear Sirs:

After reading several articles in your publication with reference to the judging of Working Hunters, I would like to add some suggestions.

This Working Hunter Division, as a Division, is new and each judge judges it a little differently, which is understandable, but hard on the exhibitor. Each judge has a different idea as to how he likes a hunter to perform. But, I believe there is one quality in a performance that we can all agree upon. That quality is smoothness. To be more specific, what constitutes a smooth performance? "Evenness of pace," yes, but a choppy gaited or high galloping horse can have evenness of pace. Let's be specific! A smooth performance must include a good gallop, smooth jumping, galloping in to the fence without chugging or drifting, gauging the take off, landing and galloping on. The horse must rate easily and should not try to make a

sharp turn without checking some. This is particularly true indoors. By checking I don't mean the horse should abruptly stop, turn and start. The horse should start checking before he reaches the turn, enabling him to make a smooth rounded turn, coming out of it and gradually picking up again. This is contradictory to "evenness of pace" but follows right along with the smooth performance.

But, and now I come to the point of my letter, how is a judge going to see this when after each jump his head is buried in his card and he looks up only in time to see the next fence. When the horse has completed the course, he has his jumping faults period.

I have two suggestions to offer—the first is, give the judges a moment or two between horses so that they can jot down what they thought of the performance. My other suggestion is, have a clerk to take down what the judge dictates. I believe this could be worked out very effectively.

Each horse is seen performing for a very short period of time, making it difficult to pick the best horse. Let's give the judge every opportunity to see each horse perform all the way around the course.

Yours truly,

An Exhibitor

The Christmas Hunt

A horn is heard across the long, green valley;
O'er blue grass and covert lies new fallen snow.

The Huntsman's coat gleams red through misty morning;
The fox has gone away, and ranging wide the pack

Of hounds races on, full tongue, full speed ahead.

The Huntsman follows and after him the Whip;
The Master of Fox-Hounds leads the eager field,

All galloping horses; O! it's glorious sport.

Ahead the Huntsman winds his horn
—he hears
The brave hounds bay—he knows his noble horse

Will lift him safely o'er the highest fences.

The heart of youth leaps first and 'mid the music
Of hounds and horn, he hears a note prophetic—

This is the morning but long years ahead
At evening, I shall remember then,
I shall

Remember well, this joyous Christmas day.

Ethel F. Mueller.

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Some Memories of The West Carbery



In Which Aylmer Somerville Assembles A Pack and Dr. Somerville Carries Them On To Show Good Sport

Dr. E. O. E. Somerville and Martin Ross

Editor's Note: Through the cooperation of Sydney Smith, and the kindness of Dr. Somerville, The Chronicle is pleased to be able to publish this hitherto unpublished chapter from the hunting reminiscences of two famous Irish authors.

The Great Dunmanway Run passed into history; its glories were never repeated. Old Dick and his hounds remained in their native mountains and visited us no more, nor we them. Hunting seemed to have died for us, but West Carbery had tasted blood, and a few years later—to be exact, in 1891—things in general became suddenly propitious, and my brother Aylmer applied himself to the congenial task of getting a pack of foxhounds together and hunting the old West Carbery country that, some sixty years earlier his grandfather had hunted before him.

Elsewhere I have described our early efforts with the pack that came to us with the rather sinister title of "Clare's Rioters." Rioters or no, they showed us the best of sport. Aylmer was his own huntsman, and in a very short time he discovered a flare in the matter of casting that I have not often seen equalled. With this he had the true huntsman's knack of shipping across country without apparent effort, and he had also the valuable asset of being regarded by the country people (and not without reason) as what is variously described as "an arch boy," or "a bit of a lad," in other words, one who might be trusted to show sport in more places than the hunting field. There was a farmer-neighbour of the Kennels, who, wishing to score a success against the young M. F. H., came by night and carried off one of the old "Kennel-horses," and took a couple of days' work out of him before the exigencies of the Kennel-larder caused the discovery of the theft. He then wrote and offered to buy the captive at carrión price. This, it need hardly be said, was a very practical joke that demanded reprisal, and reprisal did not fail. I was away from home at the time, and a letter from Martin Ross shall finish the story:

"On Friday night, it being good moonlight, Aylmer, with Crowley, Jimmeen, Danny-boy, and other of his merry men, went off to Pat Harrington's and (as the policeman said of the public-house he was watching) concealed themselves in full view of the premises. Jimmeen was sent to the door with a note from A. and thus drew off all the dogs and people to the front of the house, and A. and his gang then rose from their lair, crawled into the stable and took therefrom a monster, hideous, brown horse of Pat H.'s, kicking and protesting. With a halter they dragged it right through the country to the Rectory road, knocking down two big walls of Pat's to get it out. They got it into the cow-house at Drishane at 10:30 p. m., and Hildegarde and I went forth and assisted in the task of painting it in various designs with red distemper. The horse was awfully thin, so we traced every rib with red; we put P. H. on his flanks, zebra stripes on his neck, spectacles round his eyes, with many other adornments. He looked perfect, even in the candle-light, with his frightful, sullen, Roman nose, and sour, outraged eye. Crowley and Danny-boy tended the distemper bucket and other accessories, and giggled incessantly

throughout. Next morning (which was, as you have, no doubt, realized, April 1st), P. H., who had of course been told who the robbers were, sent over early for his horse, and he wanted him to go to the fair. I regret to say that, by a mistake, he was given to the man before we could view the start. 'He was as red as I'd wish him to be'—says Crowley. P. H. deployed on him for an hour with two men and buckets of water, but couldn't get the red off, and finally had to borrow a horse to go to the fair. He met A. next day, and in much very untrammelled language expressed his high approbation of the jest."

I remember one day that the hounds were drawing a wood, high over a road, and Aylmer was walking the covert with them. Presently a voice was heard, far up the height, saying something that was not *Ex-celsior* in connection with a rabbit. An old man, standing on the road, cocked his head at the hill.

"Who is that above?" he enquired. "That's Mr. Elmore Somerfield," says someone.

"Ah-ha-ha! The Rogue!" said the old man, chuckling confidentially to himself.

Higher commendation could not be expressed.

From these things it may be gathered that my brother's time of office had been one of notable success, even though in the sixth year of his Mastership he had had to face the greatest calamity that can befall an M. F. H. This was the loss of the entire pack from dumb rabies. The blow fell in the end of August, 1897, at a time when careful weeding, and breeding, and buying, had built up a beautiful little pack of about twenty couples. There came an unforgettable Sunday morning when, as I walked home from Church, Aylmer met me with a white and stricken face, and said that Countess had shown some of the dread symptoms of hydrophobia. And the tragedy of it was that all the young entry had come back from "walk," and Countess had been back in Kennels for no more than three weeks.

It was a summer when hydrophobia had been a constant menace, and there had been many scares and many escapes. A big greyhound with unseeing eyes, and straws in his foam-dripping jaws, had run past Aylmer's two children in the Drishane avenue, but had not turned

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from his course. On the same day, by a strange chance, the same dog had dashed past Aylmer himself in the streets of Skibbereen. The greyhound's course had covered a wide stretch of country, and in his track, week after week, disaster followed.

Countess and her brood had been in one of our stables, absolutely, as we believed, out of harm's way. Yet, when I heard these dire tidings, there flashed back into my mind the memory of a July night when Countess' mellow bay had broken the stillness, and I had wondered what had called her forth from her nursery. Poor Countess was shot at once, and, after three tense days, four other hounds showed the first signs of trouble. I saw them in the Kennels, sitting up on the bench with their backs to the wall silent and motionless, with feverish bright eyes, staring at us unrecognizingly—the dear hounds, who had never before failed to greet us with extravagant affection.... It was hopeless to expect that any of them could now escape, and it was decided that a poison, as speedy and merciful as was possible, should be used in putting the remainder out of a world that had at the last shown them no mercy. A telegram was sent to Cork, and Aylmer and I rode to the railway station to bring out what was needed with all speed. Two policemen, with their rifles, were left on guard, with Tim Crowley, the Kennel-huntsman and whip. The poison had to come from Cork by train, and there were some inevitable delays. When Aylmer at length reached the Kennels, he found that every hound was dead. Their bodies lay in the kennel yard—a sight of unbelievable horror, yet now a relief.

Anyone who has ever seen a dead hound will know how utter and complete is the dominion of death over him. With other animals it may sometimes be possible to be deceived by some lingering semblance of life, but with a foxhound, when the spirit has fled, what remains is no more than a piteous travesty of the creature one has loved. It is better not to think of what such a sight meant to the man who had bred the hounds and hunted them.

This was what had happened. Two of the dog-hounds, Limerick and Harbinger, had passed suddenly from the still and awful phase in which I had seen them, to raging madness. The policemen were unable to shoot them from outside the enclosure, and could not venture within. There was a ghastly possibility of a general fight, between the mad hounds and those in whom the disease was only beginning, slaughter too horrible to think of. Tim Crowley was a young man, and a very daring one, and he loved the hounds. He went into the hounds' lodging-house, where were Limerick and Harbinger, and with his bare hands he caught Limerick by the back of the neck and the stern, and dragged him out, and called to the policemen to shoot. The constable fired, but, in his agitation, he missed the hound, and narrowly missed hitting the reckless fellow who held it. Crowley loosened his grip, and, snatching the rifle from the constable, shot the hound himself. Then he went back into the Kennels, and, one by one, dragged out hound after hound, and shot every one of them with his own hand.

When I saw him, an hour or so later, he looked as a man might look who has seen hell. Silent, with an ashen face, and eyes still lit by a wild-fire glare.

We wrote to the sporting papers and told what had befallen us, and the response from the English and Irish Hunts was as instant as it was generous. Aylmer had offers of more hounds than he wanted, and one of the very first and warmest of the letters of sympathy came from Mrs. Cheape, "The Squire," Master of the Bentley Harriers, promising two couple of her famous pack. This was in the beginning of September, and by the end of the month the new Kennels, on a new site that my father gave, had been built, and thirty couple of hounds were established in them.

These hounds, or their sons and daughters, were the pack that, six years later, I bought from the Hunt Committee when the crucial question of my brother's successor arose, and answer came there none, until I, not without misgivings of my own, and with many dissuasions from my family, offered to buy them from the Committee, and take them on without a guarantee, trusting to luck and other assistance to keep them going; but chiefly to luck.

That was in April, 1903, and because, at that time, there was but one other Lady Master of Foxhounds (Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes, of the Neuaud Fawr), who had only taken office the preceding year, the West Carbery country sprang at a bound into the lime-light, and the Hunt Committee who had (for want of a better!) accepted a woman as their M. F. H., were not sure whether to pride themselves on their liberal views, or to put their heads under the bedclothes and disown their disgraced position. I venture to think they adopted the former course; certainly they gave me all the help they could, and suffered the newspapers' nine days of wondering with composure.

Continued on Page Five

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The West Carbery
Continued from Page Four

The photography that for the Hounds and me was involved, was a more serious matter. In the story of "The Pug-nosed Fox", Martin Ross and I attempted to expound what it is to bring into becoming and suitable position, and keep there, twenty couple of hounds, three horses and their riders, and I find in my diary that not even Martin's great and rare gift of yelling like a hurt dog, awoke in the hounds an interest sufficient to dispel their suspicions and alarms, though even the much-tried photographer had to allow, sourly, that it was "very laughable". I have many times endured this ordeal of photography, with its resultant certainty of appearing in print with a hat over one eye, and a wide-open mouth of cajolery or obfuscation, addressed to straying hounds. Nothing that I know of equals its power to inspire anxiety and exacerbation, and to inflict acute inconvenience, save, possibly, a visit to a tailor to try on riding-kit. But that, for sheer suffering, is easily hors concours.

I held the Mastership for two periods, the first of five, the second, after a break of three years (during which I acted as Honorary Secretary for a visiting pack) of seven years, and I can say with affection and gratitude that, during all that time, of all the hundreds of small farmers (and big ones too) over whose lands the Hunt went, knocking gaps in fences, riding, sometimes, it is to be feared, where it should not have ridden, not a man of them failed in helpfulness and friendship. And this is no small thing to be able to say of a poor country, where but few of the farmers could afford to hunt, and where little fields can look very sorry for themselves after a couple of dozen of horses have galloped over them.

Even though the responsibilities of so small and unimportant a hunt were comparatively light, I expect they differ only in degree from those of the great ones, not in character. I will not try to explain wherein lie the charms of the office, but I may say that the habit of having hounds is a hard one to break, and that for myself, I know that its chief seduction lay in the Kennels. In the field, I am by no means certain that the care-free follower has not a better time than the Master. A blank day is no more than a personal disappointment to him. He does not, as does the Master, feel in the small of his back the massed and concentrated indignation of the Field when the stopping has been inadequate, or the fox has run a bad line, or there is no scent, or no fox, or the weather has broken, or, in short, any Act of God or the King's enemies, for which an M. F. H. is held responsible. And the care-free follower not only escapes condemnation, but even acquires merit, for what—as I have reason to know—is, in the Master, the sin that knows not forgiveness, namely, the crowned crime of getting away with hounds and a fox, while the Field, deaf to horn and holla, remain in the back-ground, immersed in agreeable conversation. (But this, from the point of view of the sinner, is a sin that knows not repentance.)

The boundaries of a hunting country are not infrequently a contentious matter, but in West Carbery, we have no trespassers, neither do we trespass. The Atlantic Ocean half-circles us on the south and west, and is a boundary that admits of no dispute; on the east there is a margin of thirty miles or so between us and any rivals, and northward we might run up the coast to Donegal without poaching, unless, indeed, on our way through Kerry, we fell foul of one of those trencher-fed packs of black beagles of which I propose to tell presently.

There is a saying, originated by a poor-hearted visitor, that has become a cliché in connection with West Carbery. Surveying the hills from the roads, he said that, if he had to ride the country, which God forbid, the mount he would require would be a weight-carrying goat.

I will allow that there have been times when such an ideal has had its allurement for me, but few things are more surprising than the quickness and cleverness with which a good Irish horse will learn how to

Chagrin Valley Hunt

Gates Mills, Ohio
Established 1908
Recognized 1909

Master: Courtney Burton.
Hounds: English.
Hunting: Fox.
Colors: Scarlet, green collar.

The weather has only stopped hounds from going out one day thus far this season. Two Saturdays we had all day hunts which brought out large and enthusiastic fields. On several occasions hounds met in Kirtland and hunted over the territory formerly used by the South Down Hunt. We had a good run over there this month. Hounds found south of Hanna's sugar house and ran through the gully and east into Bole's pasture, circling down to Sperry road which they crossed and ran to the river. Here they checked and tried to go up the very steep and high cliff. After a few moments the lead hounds were heard at the top of the cliff going east on the edge of Baldwin's big field. They circled once through the woods and then went on to Hitchcock's, where the pack split. Most of the pack pushed on to the top of Little Mountain where their fox was lost. About four couple continued on up the river through Mather's field and into Blyth's where they were whipped off because they were approaching the highway and heading for closed territory.

On Sat., Nov. 22, the longest run of the season took place. It was a cold and drizzly day with the meet

deal with an unfamiliar and difficult country. I had a very well-bred brown mare, named Kitty, who came from the County Wexford; she was a charming mare, very active, with a perfect mouth and manners, and her first method of negotiating the descent of a steep and rocky Carbery hillside was to take it in "standin' leps." But in less than a season she had learned when to crawl, or to slide, or to stand still and look for a better place. I have ridden her with confidence up and down steps in Cononagh Wood that are roughly hewn out of rock, and pose alternately as a staircase and a waterfall; and she has never given me any but a legitimate fall, and a horse must fall sometimes (even as it was said defiantly, by one convicted in a gross misstatement, "Sure a person tell a lie sometimes!") And a misstatement and a miscalculation come to very much the same thing.

Apropos of the going I may tell of a rather singular experience that once was mine. We were hunting on the hills, after a time of very wet weather, when a fox jumped up under our feet. The hounds took him at a great pace along the rough ridge of the hill, and then swung seawards, right down its wet, steep southern side. Crowley, who was then my huntsman, and I were close to them, and the Field were hard—very hard—on our heels. We followed the hounds over the edge of the hill. It was steep enough to make the drops off the fences seem pretty heavy, but not too steep. Soon, however, we came to a slope as sheer as was possible for horses to attempt, and Crowley and I, in the lead, had hardly gone more than a horse's length downwards when we felt the boggy fleece of soaking sedge and heather beginning to slide under us. Our horses, two good grey mares, Bridget and Rayleen, instinctively crouched, and almost sat down, with their forelegs straight in front of them, while, like a mat that is moved along a slippery floor, the face of the hill, some twenty yards wide, slid downwards, bearing us on its surface. After a few palpitating moments, we arrived at a level place, and our progress was arrested. I looked back, and there I saw the side of the hill, a sheet of wet, shining rock, that we had scalped as bare as the skull of an Indian warrior's victim. I also saw the Field, hurrying right and left in search of an alternative way of descent.

Crowley, like all huntsmen, rejoiced at their thwarting. "'Tis no harm at all for them to be delayed awhile!" was his view of the case, as alone we sped after the hounds.

I feel sure that no conscientious Master of a subscription pack would have agreed with him. I made no reply, but I felt that the affair had its bright side.

at Pebble Ledge Farm in Fullertown. Hounds found about a mile southwest of Fullertown and ran for better than an hour and a half.

Election Day was a day many of us will not forget. Three foxes were viewed and the day was full of good sport. Hounds met at Marston's Gate on County Line Rd. Almost immediately we found in Wigmore's woods, and made two circles through them before hounds pushed the fox out into the open east of the woods. The Field viewed the fox and hounds in full cry as they moved on through the big pasture and on to Shelton's. Just before he reached the barnyard the fox turned and ran back across the fields and into the woods again where he went to ground. Another fox was found back of Easly's and he gave us a short burst. When he made his first circle we viewed him as he slipped along the creek bottom on his way to Caves Rd. Before he reached the road he doubled back and ran through the creek, where we finally lost him. As we were moving to the next cover, Mrs. Glover viewed a fox crossing Fairmont Blvd. The huntsman cheered hounds on to the line and we were off for a short run through Bishop's and along the banks to the bottom where our fox went to ground.

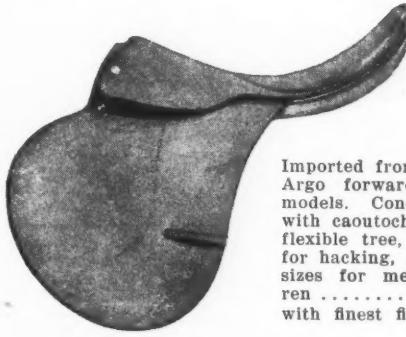
On Thanksgiving the C. V. H. held its annual drag. This year everyone agreed that it was the best one we've ever had. It was a crisp, cold morning with a thin blanket of snow covering the ground. The meet

HUNTING

was at Caves and Kinsman Roads and an enthusiastic field of 34 turned out in spite of icy roads and a temperature of 12 degrees. Our first point took us in a northerly direction for about twenty minutes. After a short check hounds were put on the line which led across the wide open territory of William's and Belle Vernon. During this burst one enthusiastic member of the field was seen to successfully negotiate a four-strand wire fence. The last point took us through our best open country, finishing with a grand burst of about a mile through Wigmore's big fields with the pack in full view of the entire field. The spirit of the occasion sized two of the first fighters, William Lawson on Nancy's Boots and George Humphrey on Sea Flare to such an extent that they finished just behind the lead hounds.—L. I. H.

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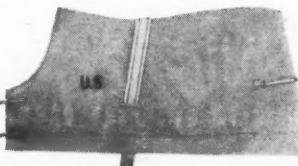
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Meadow Brook Hounds Howard County Hunt

Syosset, L. I., N. Y.
Established 1877
Recognized 1894

Master: Robert Winthrop.
Hounds: English and cross-bred.
Hunting: Fox.
Colors: Scarlet, robin's-egg blue collar.

The Meadow Brook season was off to a bad start this year, hindered by everything weather and man had to offer. After the first two hunts on Wed., Sept. 24 and Sat., Sept. 27, having killed a cub on the first day after a 15-minute burst from Murnane's woods to Winthrop's field, and having had three short fast hunts on the second, conditions became difficult for hunting (hot and dry) and remained bad with one exception until Armistice Day. That one exception was on Sat., Oct. 11 when we met at Underhill's in Syosset, jumped a fox in Stern's and had a 30-minute run in circles through Burden's and Underhill's. Scent dried out later, however, and that was the last bit of action we had that day. Hounds did not go out Oct. 25 and 29th because of extreme drought. This situation was remedied in the first week of Nov. and hounds did not go out on the 4th and 8th because of rain.

Armistice Day was a pleasure for man and beast as we had two good hunts. A fox was found in the Howe cover, from whence he made a bee-line across the road to Winthrop's, across the East Norwich Rd. to Cadwick's, over the wooded rise, and to ground in Stevens'. Another fox was found in Senff's woods which crossed the road to Willock's, on to Martin's, swung left to Squire Campbell's and crossed route 25 A to find an earth in McCann's woods.

Saturday, the 15th of Nov. was opening meet—postponed two weeks because of the drought—proved a welcome omen for the rest of the season's hunting. A Field of 63 met at C. V. Hickox's lovely estate in Wheatley Hills and moved off at 10 o'clock. The first hour was blank but a fox was finally found at home in Gavir's in Jericho, which gave us a fast hunt to Howe's woods and across the open fields with a nice post-and-rail in plough en route, and another post-and-rail set-back, to Cary's woods, on to Woodward's, right-handed to Franche's, and finally to ground in Winthrop's. This was a fast hunt over good country and the pleasure for those out was completed by a charming hunt-breakfast at Mr. Winthrop's Grotto Place afterwards, where good food, drinks and conversation topped off the day.

Sat., Nov. 22 was even better and the gods of sport must have been in a good humor, for we had a long, fast run and killed at the end. A Field of 49 met at Atherton's, drew Coe's and Iselin's blank and then crossed back over 25 A to Brewster's estate. A fox was jumped in the woods right near the highway and set sail across Kelly's paddocks, right-handed to Senff's woods, sharp right again across Brewster's pastures where he was viewed, a big, light-colored fellow, just slipping into the woods on the far side. Across Brewster's, hounds pushed him to Murnane's, Nicholl's, and across the road to Franche's where he raced through the scrub, and up over the hill on Howe's where he must have gained on hounds for we went wide-open down across Howe's field without seeing him. A quick circle around the woods brought hounds up to the fox which they killed in the trees after 40 minutes. The brush went to Miss Barbara Hewlett and the mask to Mrs. E. A. Robertson, who was riding aside on her lovely show-mare—Valley Mist—which she was hunting for the first time. Congratulations to a lovely pair! A second fox was

Glenelg, Maryland
Established 1830
Recognized 1833

Joint-Masters: Augustus Riggs III.
Augustus Riggs IV.
Hounds: American.
Hunting: Fox.
Colors: Scarlet, canary-yellow collar.

Hounds met on Thanksgiving day at historic Doughoregan Manor, home of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip A. Carroll. A Field of almost fifty pulled away at 11:00 A. M. Hounds were cast in the woods due west of the Manor House and drew southward towards the old mill. It wasn't long before hounds gave tongue and a large grey was viewed. He proved himself true to his breed, and after circling in the woods several times, hounds were called off to find a better quarry. A rather high breeze and south wind seemed to be working against the hunting, but hounds soon found again. They turned east and all became ready for a swell, run as hounds worked half-way across an open field. Another grey was viewed and hounds doubled back into the woods again to the great disappointment of all. After casting hounds again on the east of the Manor and all coverts proving vacant, the Master called it a day. The membership was invited to luncheon at the Manor by Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, and despite the poor sport, the day ended with a most pleasant traditional Thanksgiving Day atmosphere.

Hounds left from the Kennels on November 29th with a Field of twenty nine behind the Master. Drawing west of the kennels, into Burnt Woods, hounds struck immediately, making two large circles of the woods. A large red made for the open on his second trip around the woods. The sky was gray and a high wind was blowing, in spite of adverse conditions, hounds packed exceptionally well and continued to drive hard as they pursued the fox toward Glenwood. They were still running when darkness began to overtake us, and the hounds were called off to wind up a most splendid afternoon of hunting.

found across the road from Howe's in Winthrop's but ducked into a drain under Senff's lane.

Thanksgiving Day was again very good, and to a field of 63, the Thanksgiving Day meet is traditionally held at the old Kennels in Syosset and people gather from miles around to watch the large field assemble and move off. There is always at least one car nearby when the field crosses the road, unless we are running extremely fast. A fox was found in Winthrop's which went to ground, but another was found in the Willock Woods' which headed east and ran through Campbell's, Lord's, back to Ledyard's to Spark's (over the beautifully kept hedges and fences there), across the big field to Columbia Farm Woods and back to Sparks' where he went to ground after a fast 45 minutes. A small group of the Field remained to cross route 25 A. to Leffingwell's where a fox was jumped which ran around Schiff's and then to ground.

Sat., Nov. 29 was again good. A fox was found on the ridge of woods between Morgan's and Clark's field, commonly known as the Elk Pen, which headed south for Kramer's, but swung sharp left and ran through the huge Broadhollow wood covert to Ellis' where he was lost in the cow-field after a fast 35 minutes.

This brings our hunting notes up to date and since the weather is still open with good footing and scenting, we are looking forward to many more good days this year.

—B. H.

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Potomac Hunt

Rockville, Maryland
Organized 1910
Recognized 1931

Master: (1947) Dr. James N. Greear.
Hounds: American and Cross-bred.
Hunting: Fox.
Colors: Scarlet, blue collar, buff piping.

Thanksgiving Hunt

November 27th, Thanksgiving. The meet scheduled at 11 o'clock, Glen Run Farm, Glen, Maryland, the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Beale.

A heavy frost the night before brought forth a beautiful clear morning sky with enough bite in the air to tingle the blood. The Field and guests began arriving early to be greeted most cordially by our host and hostess, offering their famous "Glen Run Stirrup Cup."

Looking over the hills from all directions could be seen horses and riders approaching. Spotted here and there the vividness of some gentleman in "Pink". Station wagons, jeeps and automobiles arrived, crowded with children and hill-toppers hoping they might catch a glimpse of Mama and Dad over a jump. The McConahe children, Ellie, Mike and Pete are a cute trio on their ponies and are the center of attraction at all near-by meets. Many juniors, entered the field for the first time this season, and are most promising. They take their places in the field, handling and controlling their mounts much better than some of the old timers. It's wonderful to have these youngsters out and may the "Old Guards" prove their real sportsmanship and give the kids the breaks.

A Field of about 50 had assembled by the appointed hour. It was noticeable that the Master Dr. James Greear was kept busy extending his greetings and wishing the country side a happy Thanksgiving. He with his gracious manner and pleasing smile, is a favorite with all. Looking at his watch and finding it was past the appointed hour, he turned Mid-Night's head to face the anxiously waiting gathering. With cap in hand he announces that L. Howell LaMotte would be Field Master. Then wishing them good and safe hunting he nodded to his

staff and hounds moved away.

This is beautiful open country, about 300 acres completely paneled with well placed chicken-coops in every fence line. The paneling was a donation to the Potomac Hunt. Mr. and Mrs. Minier Hostetler donated the coops and Mr. and Mrs. Beale the labor. This was a very generous donation as neither family rides.

As hounds moved away into the valley, working down stream, approaching a small wooded area, several of them showed signs that a fox may have strolled along that path. Little Bugle-Annie, was most animated and finally with increasing speed, making a quick cast to the left and then to the right, with nose close—she gave tongue and was away, followed by the entire pack of 18 couples in full cry. Over the hill they went to the open country, headed north. They made a sharp circle before crossing the road leading to the barn, the line paralleling the farm road went south almost to the stream, here it crossed the road and over the fields to the field back of the house and barn. As they reached that field I knew Mr. Beale had his herd of black Angus there, and I thought surely this would check their drive. However, the cattle were seeking shelter and the fox was on the loose so on he ran. Crossing this field, hounds once again turned north, heading for Dr. Sanderson's property. The

Continued on Page Seven

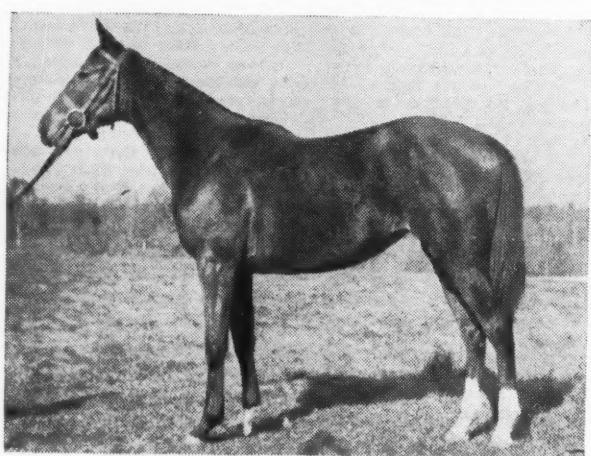


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Galway	—	*Sir Gallahad 3rd	—	(Teddy Plucky Liege Jim Gaffney Medora 2nd Epithet Fairy Wand Macaw Lina Clark
Sal Old Pal	—	Epithet	—	
	—	Miss Cameron	—	

1st dam, Sal Old Pal.

Sal Old Pal, foaled 1940, won seven races and is a daughter of Epithet, winner of Hopeful Stakes (6 1/2 furlongs in 1:17 3/5), Capitol Purse (six furlongs in 1:10 1/5—present track record at Arlington Park), Shandon Farm Purse (Futurity Course at Lexington in 1:08 3/5—present track record), Century of Progress, Sheridan Drive Handicaps, etc. and \$63,300. Sire of many winners.

2nd dam, Miss Cameron.

Miss Cameron, foaled 1930, won at two years and is also dam of Whithinsville (10 wins to end of 1946), Session (winner at three and at four 1946), Gleaning Ruth (winner at three) and Cambreeze, winner at three, five and six years. Miss Cameron is sister to Mendell (winner up to eight) and Mature, winner 22 races.

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Potomac Hunt

Continued from Page Six

way hounds were running, I thought we would certainly view, but the Sanderson field furnished a heavy cover and after making a wide circle, the fox went to earth in a stone pile in front of the Sanderson hay barrack. This was a fast run and a hard one, as hounds went away before horses or riders had settled down, consequently there were several who signed the register at the first jump. The Field Master, Mr. LaMotte being one of these. Later in the day I asked him what happened, and with an amused expression he pointed at Steel, one of the smartest grey hunters that ever entered a field. There always seems to be a very understandable argument going on between these two. However, Red's was not hurt, picking himself up and adjusting his cap he was again out front. Congratulations to him for his display of patience and the manner in which he handled such a large and far too anxious Field. It was also at this jump that another of our best riders, Mrs. Elsie Biays came a cropper, but not a casualty.

Huntsman Douglass Burgess was anxious to find the second holiday fox. He drew from Dr. Anderson's through Paul Banfield's woods. The instructions had been to work these woods, then into the England's woods and on to Glen Hills and the Veirs farm. The wind had gotten up and as Banfield's woods was a blank, the Master sent word to lift hounds, jog them down the country road to Betterker's woods, drawing into the wind. Upon reaching the Betterker woods the second fox was started almost immediately, crossing the woods to the south, across Muddy Branch and over the laurel hill, running towards Mr. Trout's. Hounds made a circle in the woods back of Trout's and headed north into Mr. Claggett's meadow on the west side of the stream, going back again into Betterker's woods, here the line went back and forth. This was superb hound work and it was interesting to watch first one hound and then another make a wide sweep, finally picking up the trail, and away they went once more in full cry. The Field gladly welcomed this check, as they had had about 50 minutes of continuous going. While hounds were circling to pick up the line they picked up a grey fox, driving him hard out of the Betterker woods to the property recently sold by Claude Owens to the Glen Hills Realty Corp. The grey being closely pursued made for cover and the line led to a briar undergrowth along a stream. Here hounds worked hard, twisting and turning, but unable to drive him again into the open. Watching this hound work for quite some time, and realizing the grey would fool around in there for hours, the Master once again told Douglass to lift hounds and draw into Clifton Veirs farm, working down Watts Branch into the Glen. This is good hunting country and I felt sure the third fox of the day would be started. I wondered about the horses, especially the staff horses, and I also noticed several in the Field seemed very tired.

This final order from the Master

thinned out the Field, those that were left were the old die-hards, always eager for another race. Hounds working down stream through the Veirs meadow, struck a line on the east side of Watts Branch, taking it into the W. A. Julian property, running due east to the Rockville-Potomac pike, making a left turn heading north through the lower end of the old Montgomery property, back to Veirs meadow. Here was the first check of this run, as the fox ran into a large herd of cattle and hounds lost. This last run covered about a 5-mile circle, with hounds in full cry running in sight all the while. It was not a disappointment when hounds lost, and every one realized he had had enough. Horses sounded like target practice over the last jump, so when the Master told Douglass to blow off his hounds we were glad it was the finish. We had been out over 5 hours, it was getting late and those that had stayed for the last run felt the call of turkey and plum pudding.

Our Field departed in all directions, after extending their enthusiasm thanks to the Master and his staff for a grand day.

Those in the field: Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Norton, Charles Pain, Charlie Carrico, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Chewning, Miss Carroll Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Moran McConaughy, Alden Crane, Mrs. Ernest Smith and Miss Betty Smith, Miss Bella Hagner, who had as her guests Mr. Nahl and Miss Laura Ann Hughes. Lt. Jack Davereux, was the guest of his father Joseph Davereux, Col. Leonard, Mrs. Frank McSherry, and her son Mike, (Mrs. McSherry is honorary whipper-in for Redland Hunt), Bill Ernest, and guest Sam Kauffman, Miss Sue Neblett, Marshall Exnicios, Samuel Bogley, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Christmas, Mrs. Richard Hawkins, Halbert Poole, R. A. Brodesser, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cassell Hanson, Bobby Hanson, Mrs. Duvall, Mrs. Eugene Carus, Ralph Counselman, Dr. Robert (Pete) Moran, Nelson Jeffrey and his daughter Jane, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. LaMotte, Justice Richmond B. Keech, Mr. and Mrs. W. Carroll, Carrell Bowen, Gabriel Murphy, Mr. Lowe, Claude Owens, Mrs. Joseph Horgan, Dr. John Lyons, J. H. Carmichael, Dr. Johnny Keeler, Capt and Mrs. Steadman Teller, and many others. Mr. and Mrs. George Plummer followed in their station wagon. Jack Hughes with a jeep load of hill-toppers, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Watkins with guests, Mrs. Hazel Cashell, at the age of 76 is still an ambitious fox hunter and loves to follow the hunt, Mrs. Al Ernest, following in her car, keeping an eye on "Pop" who is one of the honorary whipper-ins. Mrs. Greear and family, their eyes on the Master. There were a great many more cars that I did not get a chance to see. It is mighty nice to have so many turn out for the meets.—A. C. B.

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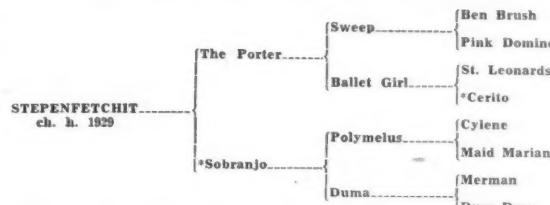
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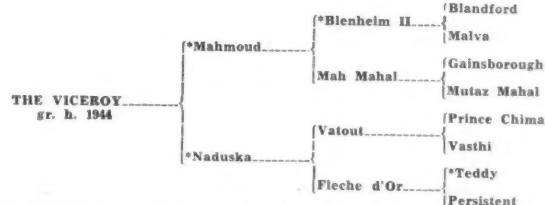
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THE VICEROY entered stud for the first time in 1948. He was sold at the Keeneland Sales in 1945 for \$35,000. Due to a series of accidents he never started, but he always showed signs of great speed. Through his sire *Mahmoud, THE VICEROY represents the most successful bloodlines racing today. *Naduska placed 3 times from 4 starts at 2, including Arlington Stakes. At 3 and 4 she won Park Hill Stakes (1 1/4 miles, top weight 122 lbs., 2nd best distance race for fillies in England), Newbury Autumn Handicap (1 1/4 miles) and Londonderry Plate (1 1/2 miles); 2nd Queen of Scots Handicap (2 miles), 3rd Liverpool St. Leger (1 1/4 miles), Prince Edward Handicap (2 1/4 miles).

Fee \$250

BONNE NUIT

Bonne Nuit, grey horse, 1934, by *Royal Canopy—*Bonne Cause, by Bonfire.

The famous jumping strain of *Royal Canopy is perpetuated through BONNE NUIT. He has sired some outstanding jumpers among which are Tanahmerah, Yankee Doodle and Carry Me Back, which as a 3-year-old jumped 5' at the Berryville Horse Show in 1947.

Fee \$150

NIGHT LARK

Night Lark, grey horse, 1939, by Bonne Nuit—Poulette, by *Coq Gaulois.

Here is the opportunity to cross the two great jumping strains of *Royal Canopy and *Coq Gaulois. NIGHT LARK defeated all stallions of every breed at the California Grand National Horse Show. With limited opportunity NIGHT LARK has obtained some outstanding individuals.

Fee \$150

Stallions bred to proven and acceptable mares only. Return privilege for the 1949 season should the mare prove barren, provided mare and stallion are alive and in the same ownership.

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VIRGINIA

APPLY RICHARD KIRBY

Chicago Enjoys Its International

Western Farmers and North Shore Socialites Combine To Compete and Applaud Steers, Hunters and Harness Horses in Giant Exposition

If there is one annual event that comes anywhere near typifying the strong, friendly independence of the great American midlands, it must surely be the fabulous hullabaloo of the International Livestock Exposition and Horse Show, which closed a packed eight days at the Chicago Stockyards' International Amphitheatre on Saturday night, December 6.

This show has everything. Cattle, jumpers, sheep, fat steers, hunters, hogs, gaited horses, meat exhibits, harness horses, grain exhibits, draft horses, bagpipe bands, ponies and 4-H champions vie for the spectators' admiration. In the big tanbark ring, staffed with pink-coated attendants and judges in dinner clothes, you can see a boy from Oklahoma leading a steer he bought for \$75 and fed with such judicious care that he has sold it for \$8,800. You can see the jingling splendor of the big six horse draft hitches pulling the shining and surely ancient wagons of Wilson and Co., Hawthorn-Melody Farms, Anheuser-Busch and others.

You can even see the Champion Wether and the Champion Barrow ride royally into the ring in their shining metal cages, pulled by little red tractors. When the Champion Barrow gets sleepy and lies down for a nap in the midst of the wild skirling of the Stockyards' famed American Legion Scottish pipers, it seems a proper royal prerogative. What if it is a parade of champions and what if everybody else is in formation? This animal is a king, and almost seems to know it, and all these thousands of humans have come to admire him no matter what he does.

The humans here are not regimented either—if a handler leading a steer around the ring feels like smoking a cigar, he smokes it and no-one seems to feel he lacks dignity. The exhibitors run from one man, with one animal to show, to big Western ranches with sizeable strings of purebred stock. The state universities and agricultural colleges of the Midwest have stock entered as well as judging teams. The 4-H boys and girls, whose Congress was held currently with the Exposition, were all over the city and have been much feted by the big companies; the health winners were breakfasted by W. K. Kellogg and Co. at the Stevens Hotel, and Swift's entertained at luncheon for the cattle feeder winners. Chicago generally puts on a very hospitable face for this show.

The audience at the night horse shows is a peculiar mixture of all kinds of Chicagoans. This is definitely not a social event and no-one cares who has the boxes. Though there is a busy public bar right in the Amphitheatre, we saw not a single person being even slightly

rowdy or overcome with spirits. It is a good-natured audience, tireless in its appreciation but well-controlled and not very demonstrative. One of the amusing sights is to visit the mezzanine where the sheep pens are, and watch the city dwellers, especially the ladies, reach in and touch the deep, warm wool on a sheep's back, and then grin with foolish pleasure at their own daring and at the really nice feel of the well-groomed wool.

Of course the horse show has many more classes for gaited and harness horses than for hunters and jumpers. This show is typical of the Midwest, and so is that ratio. Whether the leaping fraternity cares about it or not, they are far outnumbered by the Fancy Dans of the high action, the flexed neck and the questionable tail. What else would you expect, though, when every county and state fair in the central states has dozens of saddle horses and harness classes? All Summer the little rings have echoed to the cry of "Turn 'em on—let 'em rack—RACK ON!" The International is more dignified than that—after all, this is the Big Show—but the audience will let go enough to clap and cheer when their lathered favorite comes steaming around the ring in an all-out, tearing, flying, snorting rack.

Yes, it's a show with something for everyone; it is the testing ground for hundreds of men who are in the animal business, one way or another, and a place to learn something. Here is the top cream of the science of breeding livestock, the results of the most scientific and careful feeding regimes, and people who are friendly enough to talk to you about what they have learned.

The hunters and jumpers drew last place on the evening horse show schedule, which kept Judges B. E. Hopper and Arthur McCashin up very late, and, since the classes were quite large, busy as well.

Thursday night, December 4, the \$1000 jumper stake was a well-nigh interminable affair with forty-nine entries competing. This class was finally won by F. J. Anderson's Over Again, a big brown gelding who had an expert ride under Maurice Roberts. Over Again took the blue in a jump-off against Bubbles, owned and ridden by Max Bonham of Indianapolis. These two had the only perfect rounds in the class, but in the jump-off Bubbles committed 15 1-2 faults to 7 for Over Again. Two palominos showed in the class and one of them, Lord Hamilton, of Ten Pin Farm, had only half a fault in his first round. He looked easier to rate and better collected than many of the entries. There seemed to be quite a lot of plunging, jerking about and unsureness of pace in this class. The audience was exhausted with the lateness of the hour and

the size of the class, and would probably have enjoyed a good fall, but everyone came through safely. Mrs. Reuben of Toledo woke them up for a minute or so when she rocketed into the ring on her Hickory Grove, uttered a piercing little "Hup" before each jump, clearly audible in the balcony, and faulted out before we had much more than seen her number.

The \$1000 hunter stake class closed the show on Saturday night and was a very nice affair of nearly thirty entries going well over a four-foot course. There were only a couple of refusals and quite a number of clean rounds. However, the judges and the audience seemed to agree very quickly upon the superiority of Hylo-Ladd, owned by Dr. and Mrs. Paul Y. Rosenberg of Washington, D. C., and ridden by Ted Mohlman. Hylo-Ladd is a big free-moving chestnut who went at a brisk hunting pace and jumped from well back with plenty of drive. He even felt well enough to put in a couple of bucks, not disturbing the competent Mr. Mohlman in the least. Mrs. A. E. Reuben's Kozie, given a perfect ride by Bobby Coneen, came on for third, galloping beautifully. Miss Jane Kroehler's A-Chara took the red; he looked ideal for conformation and had such a beautiful rhythmic way of going that everyone in the audience felt he could—and would love to—ride such an animal. W. J. Tarrant's Mountain Breeze put up a quiet, workmanlike performance with Martha Jayne up, for fourth place. Sunset Road had one of the boldest going rounds, ridden by Max Bonham for Miss Mary Ellen Willis, to get fifth place. Sixth place went to Jayne and Owens' Kay's Grey, seventh to the highly applauded Arcadia le Sou and Miss Anne Krause, whose school-mates cheered wildly from the East mezzanine, and eighth to Gold Nugget, a nice performer owned by Mrs. George H. Bunting, Jr., of Kansas City.

—Bystander

Opening night of the show and zero weather, and in spite of it all, a full house. The hunter and jumper class, performance only to count, was strictly local, being open only

to residents of Chicago and surrounding suburbs. Three horses went clean first time around and it took a jump-off to put that good jumping bay gelding, Our Choice of the Jayne and Owen Stable, with Bill Owen doing his usual good job in the saddle, on top. Mr. E. Blumberg's Barney, with Ed Whyte up, jumped into second over the Sportsman's Stable's Sox.

That consistent little bay jumper Danny Boy, owned by F. J. Anderson of White Bear Lake, Minnesota, and ridden by Maurice Roberts, jumped off to win the hunters and jumpers, performance only to count, over 57 entries. Six horses went clean, and with the in and out well raised, it took Mrs. A. E. Reuben's great jumping Little Joe, ably ridden by Bobbie Conneen, to the second, over Velvet Lassie, belonging to Mrs. Hubert Thomas of

Continued on Page Nine

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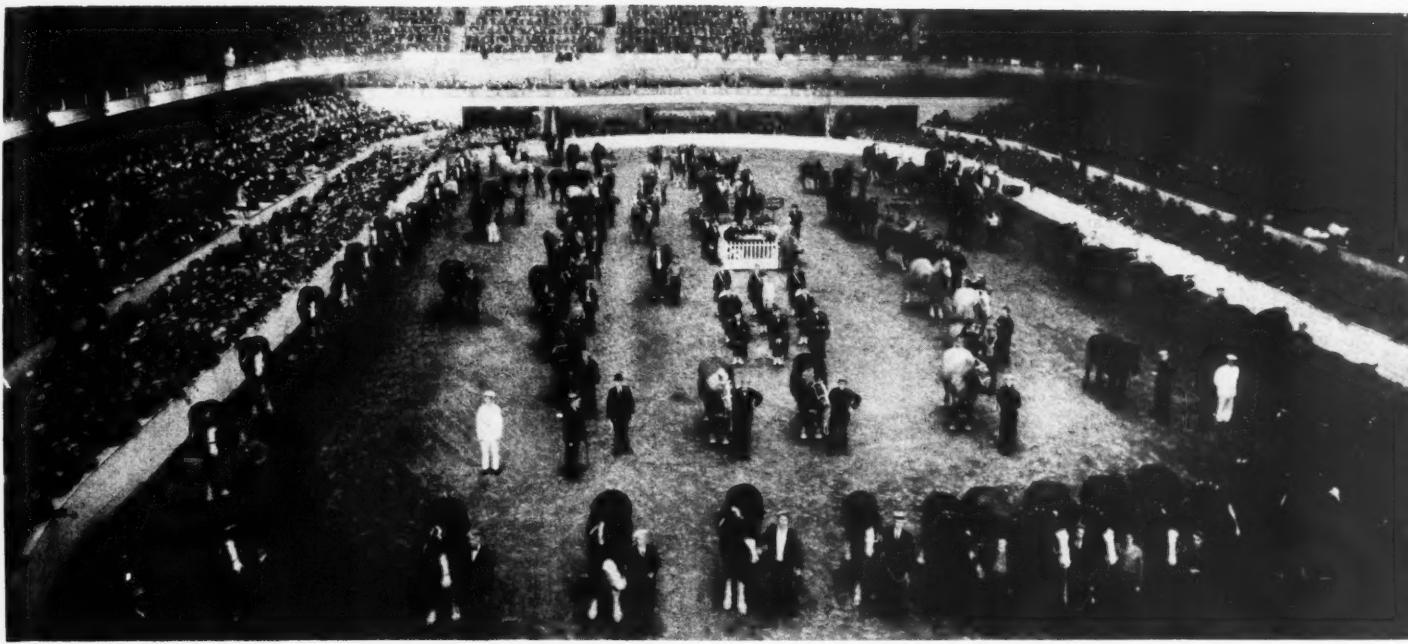
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The Chicago International Livestock Exposition from November 29th to December 6th was filled to the rafters every evening and afternoon performance. The heavy drafts have the ring and make a great display. They were piped in to the accompaniment of Scotch bagpipes.

Chicago International

Continued from Page Eight

Indianapolis, Ind. with the well known Max Bonham in the saddle.

Danny Boy came back in the touch and out to win again, this time over Mrs. O. G. Bitler, of Kansas City's grand going brown horse Suburban Limited. This horse is as capable a hunter as he is an open horse, this he proved, by putting in a perfect Corinthian performance to win the Corinthian class hands down, under the guidance of Mrs. Bitler's daughter, Mrs. George H. Bunting, Jr. Sunset Road, a big, flashy looking chestnut, owned by Miss Mary Ann Willis, of Indianapolis, placed himself second, by making a small mistake and really standing back at the wall, causing the very capable Ted Mohlman to stretch another two feet, to give him all he needed to really sail over.

The lightweight, qualified or green, saw the lady riders come into their own, with Martha Jayne piloting W. J. Tarrant's easy going chestnut Magic Luck to a deserving first over Arcadia LeSou and his owner, rider Anne Krause's equally deserving second.

Monday evening came the jumping, performance only, and Misprise, as well as everyone's surprise. He's a bay, and rumor hath it he was picked up for a mere seventy-five dollars, by Mrs. Ray Malone of Toledo, Ohio. With one Milt Wilson on his back, he proceeded to trot in, negotiate the course and trot out, with a large blue ribbon. He left 54 other horses and people standing with their mouths open. Suburban Limited was the nearest to his performance, with second and a very able lady-jockey in the saddle, one Mrs. Carol Hagerman Durand.

Young Joe Mackey, Jr., and his Our Hebert really had to be handy to win the handy class, as it was a dilly. Much fancy white pen in the middle, and a side-wall situation, where you land with a triple in and out staring you in the face, only to turn your horse back out, dash over and grab off a double oxer, like unto a forgotten man, then whip right back into the triple in and out at an angle, by which time the horse is convinced you have lost your mind. American Lady, an honest going brown mare proved herself handy for Owner-Rider Joseph Krepper, and placed second.

Martha Jayne's good, big chestnut gelding Night Raider, won the heavyweight over Frank E. Busch's young, big bay gelding, Plainsman. Mathematician, a lovely looking and going brown horse, of Leona Mitchell's took over the middleweight's over the good chestnut Sunset Road.

The triple bar jump, saw the black mare, Lady Jane and Maurice Roberts combination spread eagle into the blue department over that

big, bay good jumping Velvet Lassie, with Max Bonham at the controls.

Perhaps the most outstandingly quiet, neat and consistent performance of the show was that of that nice, big chestnut Reno Justice, belonging to Mr. John F. Krey of St. Louis, Mo. and beautifully ridden by Cary Rogers, to win the hunters, qualified or green.

Probably the most spectacular performance in the open division was that of Mr. Joseph A. Barley, of Milwaukee, Wis., chestnut Flight Command. In the four foot six class, he had to jump off for second with Joe Mackey, Jr.'s Our Hebert. Flight Command literally flew eight fences clean as a whistle, under a good ride by Lee Muldowney. Lee had already place Bold Venture at the top of the list first time around, so it made a well deserved double win, with first and second for Lee.

The Snake and owner-rider Judy Waller, were a good combination for the \$500 amateur stake.

The \$1,000 champion jumper stake proved that experience is definitely a good asset to stake jumping. Two horses went clean, the consistent campaigner Over Again of F. J. Anderson and a little five-year-old bay mare called Bubbles, of Max Bonham's. This was Bubbles first show, and she really has a terrific amount of jump in her. Give her another year and she should really go places in the open classes. But she bowed to experience in the jump off and Over Again won the Stake with Bubbles second.

Pat Murphy took Edgar Boucha's bay gelding, (they of Milwaukee) Happy Day over the top to take the touch and out over Pinky and Owner-Rider Nick Angelocus.

The knockdown and out four foot to five foot class, saw Mrs. A. E. "Billy" Reuben's grand campaigner Little Joe really jump, for Bobbie Conneen, in the jump-off, to garner first over Velvet Lassie, with Max Bonham topside.

Mrs. Reed A. Albee of Larchmont, N. Y., did a fine job of judging the equitation classes, which were pretty well predominated by saddle horse youngsters.

However, in the Town and Country championship class, 14 to 17 years, Jane Kroehler of Hinsdale, a young huntin' gal, gave Joan Challenor, of Chicago, a definite saddle type rider, an excellent run for her money. Jane proved herself equally adept when asked to ride a saddle horse. Joan, on the other hand, was not asked to ride a hunter. Interested spectators would have liked to see her switch horses, too. Joan was declared the champion and Jane, reserve. Louise B. Coffin

SUMMARIES

Hunters and Jumpers

Hunters and jumpers, performance only to count. (local)—1. Our Choice, Jayne and Owen

Stable; 2. Barney, E. Blumberg; 3. Sox, Sportsman's Stables; 4. Night Raider, Miss Martha Jayne.

Hunters and jumpers, performance only to count (open)—1. Dandy Boy, F. J. Anderson; 2. Little Joe, Mrs. A. E. Reuben; 3. Velvet Lassie, Mrs. Hubert Thomas; 4. Lord Hamilton, Ten Pin Farm.

Hunters and jumpers. Touch and out—1. Danny Boy, F. J. Anderson; 2. Suburban Limited, Mrs. O. G. Bitler; 3. Dellwood, F. J. Anderson; 4. Barney, E. Blumberg.

Hunters. Lightweight, qualified or green—1. Magic Luck, W. J. Tarrant; 2. Arcadia Le Sou, Anne Krause; 3. Kay's Grey, Jayne and Owen; 4. Lady Ester, Jayne and Owen.

Jumpers. Performance only to count—1. Misprise, Mrs. Ray Malone; 2. Suburban Limited, Mrs. O. G. Bitler; 3. Our Hebert, Joe Mackey, Jr.; 4. Reconversion, Jim Grosscurth.

Hunters and jumpers. The "Handy"—1. Our Hebert, Joe Mackey, Jr.; 2. American Lady, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Krepper; 3. Frosty Morn, Tom Muldowney; 4. Barney, E. Blumberg.

Corinthian—1. Suburban Limited, Mrs. O. G. Bitler; 2. Sunset Road, Miss Mary Ellen Willis; 3. Mr. D. Alice Arndt; 4. Arcadia Le Sou, Anne Krause; 5. Gold Nugget, Mrs. George H. Bunting, Jr.

Children's class. Boy, 17 and under—1. John O'Hara, Chicago, Ill.; 2. Eddie Oxie, Aurora, Ill.; 3. Dean Jordan, Madison, Wis.; 4. Jack Weston, Jr., Minneapolis, Minn.

Children's class. Girl, 13 and under—1. Joan Callner, Chicago, Ill.; 2. Marie Jo DeWitt, Grand Rapids, Mich.; 3. Sandy Powell, Chicago, Ill.; 4. Nancy Tries, Fond du Lac, Wis.

Children's seat and hands. Town and country eques. (10-14)—1. Judith Ann Emmert, St. Louis, Mo.; 2. Marie Jo DeWitt, Grand Rapids, Mich.; 3. Nancy Tries, Fond du Lac, Wis.; 4. Dorcas L. Taylor, St. Louis, Mo.

Children's class. Girl 14, not over 17—1. Claudette Roth, Chicago, Ill.; 2. Anne Evans, Hinsdale, Ill.; 3. Doreen Loiselle, Kankakee, Ill.; 4. Janet Sage, Indianapolis, Ind.

Children's seat and hands. Town and country eques. 14-17—1. Doreen Loiselle, Kankakee, Ill.; 2. Eddie Oxie, Aurora, Ill.; 3. Jane Kroehler, Hinsdale, Ill.; 4. Jack Weston, Jr., Minneapolis, Minn.

Children's seat and hands. Junior championship, 10 to 14—Champion—Dorcas L. Taylor. Reserve—Marie Jo DeWitt.

Children's class. Boy or girl, 17 and under—1. Again, F. J. Anderson; 2. Bubbles, Bonham Stables; 3. Danny Boy, F. J. Anderson; 4. Lord Hamilton, Ten Pin Farm; 5. Frosty Morn, Tom Muldowney; 6. Our Choice, Jayne and Owen; 7. Happy Day, Edgar Boucha; 8. Dellwood, F. J. Anderson.

Ladies' hunters. Qualified or green—1. Her Time, August A. Busch, Jr.; 2. Goldwick, Lt. Col. and Mrs. W. Randolph Taylor; 3. Paul Jr., Miss Leona Mitchell; 4. Magic Luck, W. J. Tarrant.

\$1,000 champion jumper stake—1. Over Again, F. J. Anderson; 2. Bubbles, Bonham Stables; 3. Danny Boy, F. J. Anderson; 4. Lord Hamilton, Ten Pin Farm; 5. Frosty Morn, Tom Muldowney; 6. Our Choice, Jayne and Owen; 7. Happy Day, Edgar Boucha; 8. Dellwood, F. J. Anderson.

Children's seat and hands. Grand championship, 14 through 18—Champion—Joan Callner. Reserve—Jane Kroehler.



Mrs. A. E. Reuben's fine performer, LITTLE JOE did a splendid job at Chicago with Bobby Coneen up.

Top 'Chaser and Turf Champions



The votes were cast for the Kent Miller owned and trained WAR BATTLE for 1947 steeplechasing honors. By BATTLESHIP-*PONOVA, by POMMERN, the 6-year-old bay gelding was bred by Leslie B. Gray. Although T. T. Mott's FLOATING ISLE and Miss Ella Widener's ADAPTABLE earned more money, WAR BATTLE's performances under top weight and his victories in the Meadow Brook and Hitchcock 'Chases placed him in the lead. He is pictured with Jockey N. Brown up. N. Y. Racing Assn. Photo



Jockey R. Donoso proved to be the right one for the C. V. Whitney-A. S. Hewitt owned PHALANX. Voted the Best 3-Year-Old Colt or Gelding and Best 3-Year-Old, the bay son of PILATE-JACOLA, by *JACOPO went to the winner's circle under the training of S. E. Veitch. N. Y. Racing Assn. Photo.



Best Handicap Filly or Mare and Best 3-Year-Old Filly, BUT WHY NOT, W. Mehrtens up. Idle Hour Stock Farm bred this miss, which is by BLUE LARKSPUR-BE LIKE MOM, by *SICKLE and she is owned by King Ranch, trained by Max Hirsch. N. Y. Racing Assn. Photo



The Best 2-Year-Old honors went to CITATION, bay colt by BULL LIA-*HYDROPLANE II, by HYPLION. A. Snider is up on Calumet Farm's second champion. N. Y. Racing Assn. Photo.



BELITCH, Best 2-Year-Old Filly, D. Dodson up. The third champion from Calumet is another of BULL LIA's get out of POTHEEN, by WILDAIR. Arlington Park

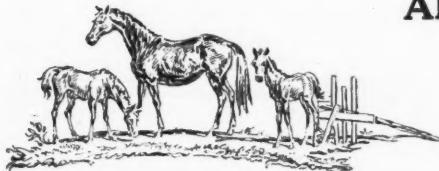


The Best Sprinter title was earned by POLYNESIAN, brown 5-year-old horse by UNBREAKABLE-BLACK POLLY, by *POLYNEIAN. E. Arcaro is pictured in the saddle. Bred and owned by Elmendorf Farm, POLYNESIAN is trained by Morris H. Dixon. N. Y. Racing Assn.

BREEDING

AND

Racing

A SECTION
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE TURF

Letter From New York French and English Thoroughbreds

Resignation of Alfred Morris From Jockey Club Cumulates Long Period of Formulative Work For Improvement of American Racing

Bob Kelley

It will be announced within a few days, if things go along as evenly as they are apparently going at present, that New York's stake season will have several added events and some additional purse money. The adjustment of the schedule to fit the new dates for 1948 where Jamaica and Empire run in one extended meeting, spring and autumn, instead of with split meetings, has been made by Jack Campbell and approved, for the most part, by the associations.

Demoiselle and East View

The first announcement concerned Empire City, where two shorter 2-year-old stakes were lengthened because they were to be run later in the year and their values increased, these The Demoiselle and the East View. It is probable Aqueduct will have at least one new stake and Jamaica may have one.

Triple Crown

Where the Triple Crown is concerned, it seems highly likely now that this will be better spaced than it has been in a good many years. Colonel Winn has moved the Kentucky Derby up to the first of the month, or rather, the calendar has done this for him, since the race is usually the first Saturday in May, and the Preakness date has already been announced as two weeks later. These have been but a week apart in recent years. The Belmont Stakes date is not yet ready for announcement, but there will be at least two weeks, possibly longer, between The Preakness and The Belmont.

While the margin between the races may mean some horses from a distance away will not be held for the full program, it should mean races with better prepared animals, for the interim between races will

give a chance to work up, perhaps, a bit better.

Jockey Club Meeting

The Stewards of The Jockey Club met in their regular December gathering early in the month and at this meeting Alfred H. Morris resigned. There was polite note of this in most of the newspapers at the time, but there should be a rather more than ordinary ceremony of some sort. Mr. Morris resigned as vice-chairman of the board, his place in this post being taken by George D. Widener. He remains, at least until the next meeting, a steward, and, perhaps, beyond the next meeting.

Alfred Morris

Alfred Morris brought to the work in The Jockey Club the accumulation of a grandfather and a father in racing and a very rich background in the sport. The Morris family, since the earlier part of the past century, have been valuable members of the Thoroughbred picture. The grandfather, Francis, owned and bred and raced some good ones, including the mare Ruthless, winner of the first Belmont Stake in 1867. The father, John A., built Morris Park and raced and the son of Alfred, John A., is, of course, the Jamaica and Saratoga official as well as an owner.

Alfred Morris, with not much in the way of public fanfare, served with an enlightened intelligence. As is known, one of the chief functions of The Jockey Club has been the administration and custodianship of the rules of racing. It was The Jockey Club which first created a general set of rules for racing in this country and has maintained them since. One of the jobs entailed was keeping these rules abreast of the times, without damaging them.

Continued on Page Fourteen

From An Australian's View English Thoroughbreds Are Lacking Stamina Which Made Them Greatest Equines For Many Years

Bob Thomson

French horses in the marathons in England last year strode away again from the best of English racehorses and had a wonderful year. Does this mean the decline of stamina in the English Thoroughbred? Let me say frankly and definitely: "It certainly does!" which perhaps answers all the questions and explains more than half of it. Wartime restrictions of horse racing, or the lack of it in England has been responsible for the temporary eclipse of the English horses in the marathon events. The Englishbred horse will return to supremacy as surely as the stud master will return for the necessary results, to the best sire lines in the pedigrees of his brood mares. Ireland will continue to breed great horses for the Irish product is an indispensable factor in the supremacy of the English Thoroughbred as the world knows it. Blandford and Trigo were Irish-bred to mention the first two that come to mind. What Australians apparently do not realize and what French, and some other writers including Americans seem to overlook in analysing the great distance races in which French horses prevailed during the war in England, is that during the several years of World War II few horses in England had a chance of developing as stayers. Racing had necessarily to be limited—to Saturday meetings in season and comparatively few of them. Older horses were crowded out of activities; they were prohibited so that the younger horses might be given a chance to develop. Consequently horses four years of age and older languished and fell by the wayside. The precarious fodder supplies would not permit of their being raced. On the other hand, in France racing went on in fine style. Even during the German invasion

racing continued. Breeding and racing establishments were not merely held sacrosanct by the Germans but were helped. The invaders certainly took some of the cream of the industry, but they encouraged racing and breeding with the result that when the war was over France still retained scores of high-class racers fit and experienced in distance racing, with a bit of age, and with plenty of the best fodder and attention behind them. They were ready to compete with the best in the Universe and it should not have been surprising that, with this great advantage, they were able to cross the channel and beat English horses limited in experience, opportunity and, for years, in fodder rations. However the English Thoroughbred at home and abroad will come right into his own again and exert that superiority that has made him the most admired equine in the world.

Of course talk of deterioration of breeding of Thoroughbreds in England and Ireland is sheer nonsense and shows a complete lack of appreciation or knowledge of the position. In any high class breeding program the studmaster sooner or later will realize the need of an out-cross to stimulate his stock and possibly strengthen constitution.

America and Australia have brought speed and spin and swerve into tennis. For a long time the Americans, by intensive application and practice, left us behind in the higher flights of golf. In racing—the latest example of apparent British decadence—old fashioned and outmoded methods of breeding, training and the arrangement of English programs have much to do with their present position. English people have been saying that because they have been doing so-and-Continued on Page Twenty

TEN LEADING AMERICAN STAKES WINNERS

(Through December 13)

10 LEADING Sires
OF STAKES WINNERS

	Races Won	1st Moneys Won
BULL LEA	25	\$891,046
(Armed 9, Faultless 5, Bewitch 6, Citation 3, Twosy, Ann's Lee)		
*BLENHEIM II	17	423,785
(Owner's Choice 3, Fervent 4, Jet Pilot 2, Prognosis 2, What's New 2, Adaptable 2, Tailspin, Free America)		
*ALIBHAI	15	396,827
(Cover Up 4, On Trust 3, Artillery 3, War Allies 2, Zenoda, Wheatfield, Belle Jolie)		
BLUE LARKSPUR	17	348,975
(Elpis 6, But Why Not 6, Larky Day 2, Blue Grass, Say Blue 2)		
EQUESTRIAN	7	260,300
(Stymie 7)		
PILATE	8	213,570
(Phalanx 5, Royal Governor, Christmastide, Miss Doreen)		
BIMELECH	9	213,350
(Burning Dream 3, Better Self 2, Be Faithful 2, Blue Border, Bymeabond)		
*MAHMOUD	9	203,625
(Snow Goose 2, First Flight, Keynote, Mackinaw, Mighty Story, Moonsoon, Vulcan's Forge, Grey Flight)		
BOLD VENTURE	6	185,925
(Assault 5, Incline)		
HE DID	10	164,175
(With Pleasure 6, Dark Jungle 2, George Gains 2)		

10 LEADING BREEDERS
OF STAKES WINNERS

	Races Won
Calumet Farm	37
L. B. Mayer	23
Idle Hour Stock Farm	21
Elmendorf Farm	20
Mrs. J. Hertz	19
Greentree Stud	12
Walter Jeffords	11
A. B. Hancock	9
C. V. Whitney	8
Max Hirsch	7

10 LEADING OWNERS
OF STAKES WINNERS

	Races Won
Calumet Farm	35
W. Helis	23
King Ranch	19
C. V. Whitney	11
Walter Jeffords	9
Greentree Stable	8
Brookmeade Stable	8
Elmendorf Farm	7
Mrs. E. Jacobs	7
Dixiana Stable	7

10 LEADING TRAINERS
OF STAKES WINNERS

	Races Won
H. A. Jones	30
M. Hirsch	17
W. Booth	15
H. A. Luro	13
W. Molter	13
M. H. Dixon	10
S. E. Veitch	10
J. M. Gaver	9
G. P. Odom	9
O. White	9

Breeders' Notes

A. A. Baldwin

The "Continental" Winner

In these days of French colts and fillies winning the main English stakes, a little known fact is that "Durbar II" by Rabelais out of Armenia, owned by the American, H. B. Duryea, was the first "continental" to capture the great British Derby. Coming events seemed to cast their shadows for in the beaten field of 1914 were Hapsburg, Peter the Hermit by St. Petersburg, Brakespear, Ambassador (later to be sent to this country) and other colts with names such as Conqueror and Courageous.

The Running Of The Classics

There is still room for improvement in spite of the new two week interval between our Kentucky Derby and Preakness. We are 99 percent for sentiment and tradition on turf history and sincerely hope that changes will be hesitatingly and conservatively made. We believe that our "classics" however, should be run at least thirty days later in the season. Future pedigree students will base their judgments of our sires on the records established in the Kentucky Derby now run the first Saturday in May; the Preakness, heretofore run a week later 500 miles away; and then the Belmont Stakes, which was run this year on May 31st. It just doesn't make sense! As a matter of record, the later stakes for 3-year-olds are not classified as "classics" by any authority and perhaps we should drop in that terminology one of the May stakes for such as the Lawrence Realization which is run during the Summer and at a distance of 1 5-8ths miles. Distance lends enchantment in more ways than one.

Racing Contributions

Still, almost four years later it's a mystery who recommended to the famed Jimmy Byrnes that there be a ban on racing. Not for a moment do we entertain the thought he dreamed that up himself. There was an estimated fortune of \$75,000,000 lost to the War effort to the Federal Government let alone what was denied to the various state governments. Last year there was more than a billion and three quarter dollars bet at recognized tracks from which schools and other civic organizations benefited in sundry amounts. For instance, last week it was announced that beyond the New York "take" of 15 percent, charities in that state such as the Red Cross, religious organizations, Army and Navy, cancer and medicinal foundations were the benefactors of more than \$215,000. This ain't hay, but still it's above and beyond the 15 percent take.

Clovelly Farm

Robert C. Winmill of Clovelly Farm, Warrenton, Va. who has been so active a supporter of United Hunts Racing with Lewis E. Waring, has a new sire at his Farm this season, Cravat. This good stallion is responsible for Spats, Schuylerville stakes winner.

Like Father—Like Son

Numerous riders have "staked" the jock's room from time to time, but there was a real celebration when the late Tom Cannon won the Eclipse Stakes in 1888. Regardless of Weight for Age and Age before Beauty and such, Tom Sr. beasted his son Tom Jr. with a length victory on the colt Orbit over Ossory. The father had four sons, Mornington, Tom

Jr., Kempton and Charles, all of whom were creditable race riders, but none seemed to have the superb knack the father had on 2-year-olds and fillies, like his winning mounts, Pilgrimage (2000 Gs.) Shotover (2000 Gs and Derby), Geheimnist and Busybody, The Oaks) let alone the St. Leger winner, Robert the Devil, the only male in the above list. Like father like son went the next generation glorywise for Kempton won the Derby on St. Amant in 1904 and "Mornay" on Flying Fox in 1899.

A Big Heart Counts

This column is a bit partial to route racing and is extremely fond of steeplechasing, but once in a while there comes along to capture our fascination a little horse or mare that can only sprint. Neither Annie's Dream, who is by "Gino" out of Confidence by Wise Counsellor, nor Scotty's Own, who was got by Scotty Don out of Queen of the Blues by "Alcantara II," stand much over 14.3 but regardless of their lack of size their hearts must be large for they are always trying—and most often successfully. Scotty's Own is a 5-year-old entire horse, a year young-

er than Annie's Dream, but it is hoped this small difference in age will not affect their housekeeping when racing days are just a memory for them.

Nine Years Ago

Just in case you need a reminder, nine years ago at hunt meetings Jack Magee was leading steeplechase rider and Sidney Watters had led the list of the Hell-bent-for-tooth-picks jocks. As it should be, the outstanding riders of that day are now conditioning jumpers: Ray Woolfe, R. P. Hamilton, Frank Powers J. V. H. Davis, Jack Skinner, W. B. Cocks, Sidney Watters, Jr., Rigan McKinney, G. H. Bostwick to name a few who are sticking in the game with stables of their own.

Jockey Club Guidance

Perhaps it isn't so silly at that that the Jockey Club, protector of all that is fine, hasn't been consulted publicly about the "Taj Akbar" repatriation to Red Russia Hungary. There may be Thoroughbred organizations of all sorts like the T. R. A. and T. R. P. B., but when you get down to consider the matter, the Jockey Club, is the one we and our children will rely upon.

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		Hessian
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Cassis Won . . .

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Benjamin Franklin Hcp. in 1:10-1/5
Valley Forge Hcp. in 1:12
Fall Highweight Hcp. in 1:11-1/5

Roseben Hep. in 1:10-3/5
Vosburg Hep. in 1:23-2/5
Fall Highweight Hep. in 1:08-4/5
Princeton Hep. in 1:11-2/5

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TIPPY, b. m. (7) by The Porter—*Pebble Beach, by Fairway—Outburst, by Mes-senger. In foal to Attention.

USO, ch. m. (4) by Great War—*Royal Claque, by Roi Herode—Torlistan, by Torloisk.

FIRST LADY, b. m. (20) by Whisk Broom II—Distinction, by The Manager—Ala-narka, by Alan-a-Dale.

SINGING PEBBLE, br. m. (6) by Balladier—*Pebble Beach, by Fairway—Out-burst, by Messenger. In foal to Attention.

STEP NORTH, ch. m. (4) by Stepenfetchit—Far North, by Display—Glacial, by *Hourless. In foal to Attention.

GODLEN LASS, ch. m. (10) by Bubbling Over—Weatherime, by Saxon—Overcast, by *Vulcain.

MISS NEBRASKA, b. m. (7) by Omaha—Brocado, by The Porter—*Brocatelle, by Radium. In foal to *Rounders.

ELEONORE, ch. m. (7) by Valorous—First Lady, by Whisk Broom II—Dis-tinction, by The Manager. In foal to Attention.

SNOWY HILL, gr. m. (7) by Sun Teddy—Miss Snow, by Eternal—*Eaton Girl, by Kildare II. In foal to Valdina Orphan.

STAR WONDER, ch. m. (8) by Valorous—Stardrift, by *North Star III—Folklore, by *Star Shoot. In foal to Attention.

PILATE'S WIFE, ch. m. (5) by Pilate—Mea Culpa, by *St. Germans—Regret, by Broomstick. In foal to *Rounders.

BAWBEE, b. m. (9) by *Blenheim II—*Caledonia, by *Craigan-gower—*Tros-sach Girl, by Lomond. In foal to At-tention.

BROCADO, b. m. (18) by The Porter—Procatelle. In foal to Grand Admiral.

WINTER ROSE, ch. m. (14) by Valorous—Rose Dunstan.

SHATTERPROOF, ch. m. (13) by *St. Germans—Triplex, by Fair Play.

CALEDONIA, b. m. (21) by *Craigan-gower—*Tros-sach Girl, by Lomond—On Les Aura, by Beppo.

CALL PROOF, ch. m. (4) by Trace Call—Shatterproof, by *St. Germans—Triplex, by Fair Play.

TRIGGER ROSE, b. m. (7) by Rosemont—Twilight Gun, by Man o'War—Golden Haze, by *Golden Broom.

SINGING WITCH, gr. m. (11) by *Royal Minstrel—Broomsage, by Whisk Broom II—Panasine, by Peter Pan. In foal to Stepenfetchit.

LA LA, ch. m. (4) by *Mahmoud—Where Away II, by Whichone—Ship of War, by Man o'War. In foal to Stepenfetchit.

SPRING HOPE, b. or br. m. (17) by Mad Hatter—Gullinan, by Celt—Diamontina, by Eon. In foal to Night Lark.

MARVELOUS, dk. gr. (7) by *Belfonds—Dickey, by Black Toney—Burgee, by Pennant.

***INGALILL**, b. m. (9) by Manna—Fresco, by Peter Pan—Paintbrush, by Broom-stick. *Ingallill, is the dam of Gustaf and Conflict. She is one of the best of the Whitney mares.

FAR NORTH, ch. m. (12) by Display—Glacial, by *Hourless—*Snowcapt, by Rio Herode. Far North is the dam of the stakes winner Balchen.

PEGGY PORTER, ch. m. (13) by The Porter—Pretty Peggy, by *Light Bri-gade—Hermosa, by *Odd Fellow. In foal to Grand Admiral.

BLUE CYPRUS, b. m. (6) by Blue Lark-spur—Peggy Porter, by *Light Brigade—Hermosa, by *Odd Fellow. In foal to *Easton. Blue Cyprus is herself a stakes winner.

***PEBBLE BEACH**, b. m. (11) by Fairway—Outburst, by Messenger—*Brocatelle, by Radium. Outburst is the dam of Aneroid. In foal to Stepenfetchit.

MEA CULPA, ch. m. (19) by *St. Germans—Regret, by Broomstick. In foal to Ste-penfetchit.

FUSCHIA, dk. b. m. (3) by Blue Larkspur—*Little Acorn, by Fairway—Acorn, by Peter Pan.

MICHIGAN CANDY, br. m. (9) by Michi-gan Boy—Candy Maid. In foal to Great War.

BRAVE BONNIE, ch. m. (14) by Valorous—*Bonne Cause.

LORNA DEE, br. m. (about 12). In foal to Bonne Nuit.

YEARLINGS AND RACING PROSPECTS

TIPSTER, ch. c. yearling, by St. Brideaux—Tippy, by The Porter.

Ch. C., yearling, by Pilate—Peggy Porter, by The Porter.

VALUE, blk. c. yearling, by Good Goods—Where Away II.

FUDGE, ro. g. yearling, by Bonne Nuit—Michigan Candy, by Michigan Boy.

Gr. c. yearling, by Stepenfetchit—Singing Witch, by *Royal Minstrel.

Lt. b. f. yearling, by Devil Red—*Little Acorn, by Fairway.

Ch. f. yearling, by Pilate—Far North, by Display.

B. f. yearling, by Stepenfetchit—*Ingallill.

B. f. yearling, by Great War—Brocado.

Ch. c. yearling, by Stepenfetchit—Lady Valorous.

UPSTART, b. f. (2) by Stepenfetchit—*Little Acorn, by Fairway—Acorn.

COMPROMISE, gr. c. (2) by Night Lark—Spring Hope, by Mad Hatter.

SHUCKS, br. g. (3) by Stepenfetchit—Pebble.

Gr. f. (4) by Great War—Brave Bonnie, by Valorous.

Wean. f., by Count Fleet—Bawbee, by *Blenheim II.

SIR DUNSTAN, ch. c. (6) by Valorous—*Rose Dunstan, by St. Dunstan.

ARCTIC BOUND, ch. g. (3) by Stepen-fetchit—Far North, by Display—Glacial, by *Hourless.

BLUE KILTS, b. g. (5) by Blue Larkspur—*Caledonia.

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Farmington Inaugurates Hunter Meeting

Stewart Felvey Wins With Dominica Over Good Hunting Country; Feature Taken By W. G. Jones and *Treford For 2nd Time

Gerry Ashburn

On Saturday, December 6, the Farmington Hunt Club supplanted its annual point-to-point with a hunter meeting on the Barracks Road Course adjacent to the Kitchens, Farmington, Va. The conditions of this meeting were somewhat novel as they varied both from the point-to-point and hunt meeting conditions. The purpose of this hunter meeting was to revive interest in the old type amateur racing in which members of or subscribers to recognized or organized hunts rode bona fide hunters over natural hunting country or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

The program constituted a three-race card. The races were run over natural hunting country which had been used as a hunter trial course, however, all of the fences were raised from six inches to a foot and widened from four to six panels. This regular course was supplemented by several English post and rails bringing the total to 14 fences. This certainly brought to the mind of the writer several of the larger timber races. It was a perfect day and the course afforded an excellent view for the spectators.

The 1st race for ladies was started promptly at 2:30. Chanco, owned by Grover Vandevender and ridden by Miss Rosalie Tungstal, went to the front, soon to be overtaken by Red Squirrel, owned and ridden by Miss Ellie Wood Keith with Short Hair and Lucky Star, owned by Mrs. A. M. Keith, piloted respectively by Miss Mona Wood and Miss Lyda Henderson, making up the field. The race was closely contested until near the finish with the exception of Lucky Star which failed to negotiate the 5th obstacle. Coming into the stretch Short Hair overtook Red Squirrel with Chanco running 3rd and it was in that order that they finished.

The 2nd race for gentlemen got off to a very fast start with Happy Maid, owned and ridden by Graven Winslow, and Field Glass, owned and ridden by John Hughes, going to the front, closely followed by *Treford, owned and ridden by W. G. Jones. Happy Gal, owned by Daniel G. Van Cleef and ridden by Willard Ashburn, Jr., and Major Pete owned and ridden by Grover Vandevender. The original order was maintained until the 12th fence which was a chicken coop with a drop on the other side where Happy Maid hit a soft spot going down and unseating Mr. Winslow, who shortly remounted and trailed the field. Field Glass followed the fence line and was forced to drop back into 3rd at the next to the last fence. *Treford and Happy Gal taking a somewhat different course, came into the same fence together. *Treford took a short lead over Happy Gal and maintained this lead over the final fence into the stretch where Happy Gal attempted to overtake him but in vain. Field Glass came in 20 lengths behind for 3rd place, followed by Major Pete. This was the second time Mr. Jones has won this bowl with *Treford.

The 3rd and final race of the day drew 4 starters—Slim, owned and ridden by Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Jonesboro, owned by Daniel G. Van Cleef and ridden by Frank Wilson; Dominica owned and ridden by Stewart Felvey and Aldebaran owned by Miss Judy Harvey and ridden by Tyler Kohler. At the 2nd fence Slim refused, throwing his rider—at the 4th fence Jonesboro started to open up a long lead which extended over the next 5 fences with Dominica and Aldebaran well in hand about 20 lengths back. This order was held until the 11th fence where Dominica closely followed by Aldebaran overtook the tiring Jonesboro which bobbed badly on the last fence throwing his rider. In the stretch Aldebaran was closely pressing Dominica but was unable to overcome the others advantage.

SUMMARIES

The President's Bowl, approx. 3½ mi. To be ridden by lady members of Farmington Hunt Club in formal hunting attire, usual hunting

tack required. To ride bona fide hunters which have hunted at least 4 times during the current season by a member or members of Farmington Hunt Club. Catchweights. Winner: b. g. (13) by *Omar Khayyam—Bobbed Hair, by Helmet. Breeder: J. P. Jones.

1. Short Hair, (Mrs. A. M. Keith).

2. Red Squirrel, (Ellie Wood Keith).

3. Chanco, (Grover Vandevender).

Miss Rosalie Tungstal.

Also ran: Mrs. A. M. Keith's Lucky Star, Miss Lyda Henderson.

The Master's Bowl, approx. 3½ mi. To be ridden by gentlemen members of Farmington Hunt Club in formal hunting attire, usual hunting tack required. To ride bona fide hunters which have hunted at least 4 times during the current season by a member or members of Farmington Hunt Club. Catchweights. Winner: ch. g. (15) by Harford-Tresina, by Tredennis. Breeder: P. D. Cullinan (Eng.).

1. *Treford, (W. G. Jones).

* Mr. W. G. Jones.

2. Happy Gal, (Daniel Van Cleef).

* Mr. Willard Ashburn, Jr.

3. Field Glass, (J. W. Hughes).

* Mr. J. W. Hughes.

Also ran: Grover Vandevender's Major Pete, Mr. Grover Vandevender; Graven Winslow's Happy Maid, Mr. Graven Winslow.

The Farmington, approx. 3½ mi. For bona fide hunters. To be ridden by ladies or gentlemen, amateurs, who are members of, or who subscribe regularly to a recognized or organized pack of hounds. Formal hunting attire and usual hunting tack required. Catchweights. Winner: ch. g. (10) by Sun Edwin—Husky Girl, by Navigator. Breeder: H. O. Lyne.

1. Dominica, (Stewart Felvey).

* Mr. Stewart Felvey.

2. Aldebaran, (Judee Harvie).

* Mr. Tyler Kohler.

Also ran: lost rider: (last fence): Daniel Van Cleef's Jonesboro, Mr. Frank Wilson; refused: (2nd): Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.'s Slim, Mr. Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.

Letter From New York

Continued from Page Eleven

First Rules of Racing

Alfred Morris, as a founder member, had a hand in establishing the first rules of racing and, since that time, has been most active in their modernization and clarification where needed. It has been said that scarcely a single rule in the book today has reached its present wording without feeling the hand of Alfred Morris sometime during its career. In every respect, Mr. Morris has been an adornment to the officialdom of the sport that has for so long interested his family and he has most certainly made permanent contributions to it.

Breeding Bureau Report

To continue with Jockey Club maters and, also with the name of Morris, The Jockey Club Breeding Bureau report was made this month by its head, John A. Morris, and some interesting points were contained in it that demonstrate quite well that the Lookover Stallion Station is bringing New York more strongly into the breeding picture.

Apparently encouraged by the sound, if not sensational, prices obtained by their yearlings at the Saratoga Sales, a group of the farmer-breeders who avail themselves of the stallion service granted by The Jockey Club bureau, were in attendance at the Keeneland Fall Sales and took back to their homes with them some ten first rate mares.

There has been little wrong with the stallions provided by the breeding bureau at the Avon farm, and with good broodmares of this type on hand there is every reason to hope for some really good stuff. The past few years have seen winners through the field come from Jockey Club stallions, perhaps largely because their mares have been hunter types. The near future may see some flat runners of value turned out.

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Season of 1948

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Br. 1941, by *Pharamond II—Buginarug, by Blue Larkspur.

FIRST FIDDLE - - - - - \$1,000—Return

Gr. 1939, by *Royal Minstrel—Rueful, by *St. Germans.

PILATE - - - - - \$1,000—No Return

Ch. 1928, by Friar Rock—*Herodias, by The Tetrarch.

FEE PAYABLE AT TIME OF SERVICE.

*PIPING ROCK - - - - - \$1,000—Return

B. 1937, by Fairway—Eclair, by Ethnarch.

*CHRYSLER II - - - - - \$500—Return

Br. 1931, by *Teddy—Quick Change, by Hurry On.

POT O' LUCK - - - - - \$500—Live Foal

B. 1942, by Chance Play—Potheen, by Wildair.

RAMILLIES - - - - - \$350—Return

B. 1939, by *Blenheim II—Risky, by Diadumenos.

SELALBEDA - - - - - \$250—Return

B. 1938, by Mokatam—Acacia, by *Archaic.
(Property of Paragon Stable.)

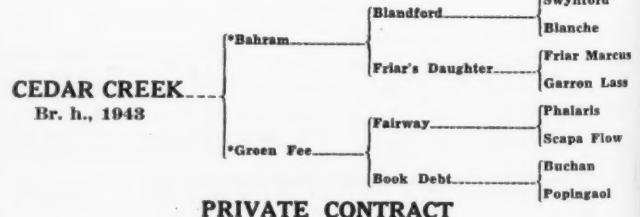
BALMY SPRING - - - - - \$200—Live Foal

Br. 1936, by Black Toney—Blossom Time, by *North Star III.

(Property of Cold Spring Farm.)

ANIBRAS - - - - - \$100—Return

B. 1939, by *Quatre Bras II—Tehani, by *Carlaris.
(Property of Paragon Stable.)



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Farmington Hunt Club's Hunter Meeting



The President's Bowl sent 4 ladies to the post and at the 1st jump, the whole field refused. First over the jump was Miss Ellie Wood Keith, an owner-rider on RED SQUIRREL, followed by #12, the eventual winner, Mrs. A. M. Keith's SHORT HAIR and to the left is Miss Lyda Henderson on Mrs. Keith's LUCKY STAR which was out of the race at the 5th jump. To the right of RED SQUIRREL is CHANCO, owned by Grover Vandevender and ridden by Miss Rosalie Tungstal. RED SQUIRREL leads in the 2nd picture but SHORT HAIR came on in the stretch to win.



Stewart Felvey's hunting hunter, show and timber horse went into the winner's circle for his youthful owner-rider in The Farmington. Miss Judy Harvey's ALDEBARAN with Tyler Kohler up, made a strong finish but was unable to close the gap.



Owner-rider W. C. Jones and *TREFORD captured the Master's Cup for the 2nd time, this year defeating Daniel G. Van Cleaf's HAPPY GAL with Willard Ashburn, Jr. up. *TREFORD, a former brush and hurdle horse had his last outing at the tracks when he won over brush at Laurel in 1945. M.F.H. Truman Dodson presented the trophy to Mr. Jones as the wagon occupants watch. Left to right: Judges John Stewart and Andrew Montgomery, Timer Gibson Gardner and member of the race committee, Algernon S. Craven.

Westmoreland and Chestnut Ridge Point-to-Points



Three of the entries lined up in good hunt team fashion after the ladies' race of the Westmoreland Hunt Point-to-Point. In the center is Miss Susan Burgwin's VODKA, the winner, with Miss Susie Hays up. Miss Roberta Martin, an owner-rider on EAHLSWITH, (right) finished 2nd while owner-rider Miss Alice Walton on her ALFRED'S FLASH (left) was 4th behind Miss Evelyn Thompson on SCATTERCASH. Pyle Photo



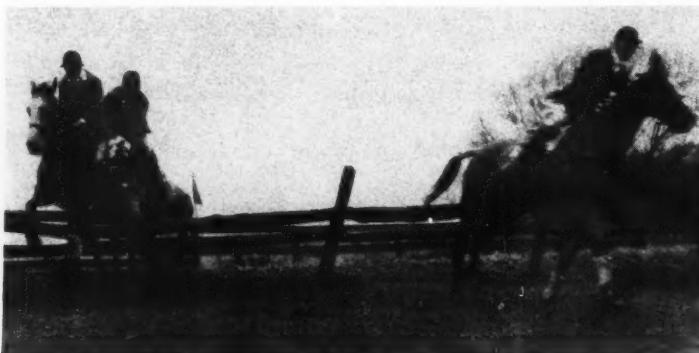
Ralph Taylor on George Chubb's MANARUE took an unchallenged lead after jumping the trappy 2nd panel of the in and out and went on to win easily. J. V. Darby's ROY SIBEL, with J. W. Fuller up, had an anxious moment as Mrs. A. P. Osborn, Jr.'s BAY RIDGE seemed undecided how to get that hind leg over as well as rider Stitler Vipond. Pyle Photo



Mrs. Thoburn Smith's GOLD BUD, Jimmy Murphy up, the eventual winner, led over the 1st jump in the men's race, catchweight. Blair Guyer's LOW JACK was 2nd and Lingenfelter Bros.' MIKE was 3rd. This made these 3 horses tie for the catchweight trophy to be awarded to the horses garnering the most points in the Western Pennsylvania Point-to-Point circuit. Darling Photo



John R. Wahlgren and his POM POM set the pace over the 1st jump in the men's heavyweight race at Westmoreland. With the 4 starters running well bunched, POM POM was well up until the field reached the swamp where Mr. Wahlgren lost an argument with a tree and the field was reduced to 3. Pyle Photo.



Chestnut Ridge Hunt's point-to-point was held on December 7. Winner of the ladies' race was the Westmoreland winner, Miss Susan Burgwin's VODKA with Miss Susie Hays again in the saddle. Mrs. Ralph Taylor led over the 1st jump with her ROCK TEA, followed by owner-rider Miss Helen Shaw on DRAKIL, Miss Roberta Martin on Miss Evelyn Thompson's SCATTERCASH and Miss Thompson on her MR. SMIRK. Darling Photo



The names of GOLD BUD, MIKE and LOW JACK were placed in a hat and Miss Evelyn Thompson drew one. Winner of the Frankstown-Rolling Rock-Westmoreland-Chestnut Ridge catchweights was Blair Guyer's LOW JACK, ridden in the first 3 events by Richard Guyer and in the latter by Dan Lenehan. H. D. Ryan presented the trophy to Mr. Guyer (at right) as young Dick Guyer and Dan Lenehan look on. Darling Photo

Chestnut Ridge Point-to-Point

Division Championships In Western Pennsylvania Circuit Are Closely Ridden—One Set of Winners Are Pulled From Hat

Elizabeth Eierman

A great Western Pennsylvania point-to-point season was brought to a close on Sunday, December 7 by the highly successful point-to-point races run over 4 miles of Chestnut Ridge flagged hunting country in Fayette county, Dunbar, Pa. Representatives of the four hunts which put on races—Frankstown, Rolling Rock, Westmoreland and Chestnut Ridge—planned to award a championship in each division—ladies', men's catchweights and men's heavyweights—to the horse completing the season with the most points. A win was good for 5 points, a place for 3, a show for 2 and a 4th received 1. With three-quarters of the racing over, the Chestnut Ridge point-to-points were as good a finale as could be wanted. The course consisting mostly of unshakeable chicken coops and post and rails was definitely trappy, and the horse that barrelled along and jumped carelessly could not have stayed on his feet. It was a hunter's course, and fencing at great speed was impossible.

Competition in the men's catch-weight race lay in three outstanding horses. Mike Lingenfelter's chestnut gelding, Mike, with 8 points to his credit, went top horse in the pool. The two others which were figured to make the running were Mrs. Thoburn Smith's Gold Bud, winner at Rolling Rock with 5 points (a horse which finishes as strongly as he starts), and Blair Guyer's Low Jack, holder of 7 points. It is interesting to note that both Mike and Low Jack are trained by Danny Lenehan of the Frankstown Hunt, as fine a horseman as Ireland has sent us. Even a good horse is better under a good ride, and Mike, Gold Bud and Low Jack were blessed with three extremely capable riders. Grover Stephens had the ride on Mike for the third time, Danny Lenehan was up on Low Jack, and Jimmy Murphy, a former flat rider who really sits deep on his horse, rode Gold Bud. If these three were the top catchweight horses, there were eight other starters which kept them hustling: R. K. Mellon's Southern Soldier, ridden by Sidney Watters, Jr.; Khuy, owned and ridden by Ralph Taylor; Flare Flight, ridden by his owner, Alfred Hunt; Dr. V. E. Beldham's Fulton B.; Fred Baer's owner-ridden Blue Bell; Mike Ewart's Missy, ridden by Teddy Thomas; Ken McClain's owner-ridden Dodie, and Dixie, owned by L. Genovese and ridden by Bud Binkie.

As they came over the 1st chicken coop Gold Bud led by a length and seemed unwilling to be rated. On his heels were Khuy, Southern Soldier, Low Jack and Mike. Khuy moved on top over the next coop, but a refusal at the coop on to the dirt road cost his lead to Low Jack. The order was shuffled between the above horses and Alfred Hunt's Flare Flight. When they came to the roadway back out of sight it was Low Jack setting pace with the rest bunched close behind. When they climbed the hill and crossed the cornfield coming toward the spectators, Gold Bud was in front followed by Low Jack, Southern Soldier, Khuy and Flare Flight. Behind the leaders, off the pace, were Fulton B., Missy, Blue Bell and Dodie. Bud Binkie pulled up Dixie which seemed to prefer it that way anyhow.

As they made the second loop of the race, the pace quickened with the leaders still bunched. Khuy put in a bad jump over a post and rail, but Ralph Taylor's brilliant recovery prevented a bad jam-up. It was later discovered that Khuy had thrown a shoe and lost a good part of hoof with it. Gold Bud and Low Jack jumped pairs over the post and rail and coop by the red barn, and the race began. Danny assumed the lead followed by Gold Bud and Mike, and the trio rolled into the board fence down the hill. Low Jack led across the bottom, but Gold Bud closed the gap with a rush and caught the black gelding at the last

fence. It was his race, but Danny went to the bat, making a fine try to catch him. Mike, sent on by Grover when he saw the two pull away, sailed over the last fence and flattened out. It looked for a moment as if he might beat Low Jack for place position, but with both riders driving hard, Low Jack retained his lead to beat Mike by a length. Southern Soldier lost his rider after the last jump. It was later said that his rider, Sidney Watters, had ridden half the race with one stirrup, and when he went to the bat to make his bid, he apparently lost his balance. It was hard luck because Southern Soldier ran a good race and would have certainly figured in the finish.

In the ladies' division Miss Susan Burgwin's Vodka was in line for the championship with a 2nd at Rolling Rock and a win at Westmoreland, but the horse calculated to give him the most trouble over the Chestnut Ridge country was Miss Evelyn Thompson's handy Scattercash. Seven horses went to the post—Vodka, ridden by Miss Susie Hays, Scattercash with Miss Roberta Martin up, B. C. Cence's King Cole, ridden by Mrs. Leonard Bughman, Rock Tea belonging to Mrs. Ralph Taylor and ridden by his owner, Miss Helen Shaw's owner-ridden Drakil, Mr. Swig, owned by Mark Thompson with Miss Elizabeth McNary up and Miss Thompson on her other entry, Mr. Smirk.

They were off to a good start, well-bunched and jumping carefully. At the 1-2-mile mark Mrs. Bughman pulled up King Cole. Five horses, still bunched and Mr. Swig trailing, came past the spectators and started on the second circle of the race. The pace was considerably slower than the catchweights had been, and all six were fencing extremely well. It could have been anyone's race until they came across the coop and down the hill into the board fence. Vodka and Rock Tea moved out in front, but Rock Tea, swerving hard left into it, lost his rider when he landed, and Miss Hays sent on Vodka into the last fence. Scattercash made his bid then, but Vodka gained over the coop and the win was his by 6 or 7 lengths. Scattercash finished 2nd. Miss Thompson on Mr. Smirk cantered toward the flags, unaware of Miss Shaw on Drakil coming up fast. A spurt, however, made her 3rd by a length. Miss McNary on Mr. Swig was last.

Only four entries made up the men's heavyweight race, but all of them have been good horses and made the running this season. The favorite was George Chubb's Manarue, ridden by Ralph Taylor—a dead game horse that races in braces on two bowed tendons. Sandy Osborn was on his Bay Ridge, a horse which just hasn't had the breaks in his two former races. J. V. Darby's Roy Sibel ridden by Mark Thompson and John R. Wahlgren's owner-ridden Pom Pom completed the field. Roy Sibel went out on top, closely followed by Manarue, Bay Ridge and Pom Pom in that order. Coming across the cornfield it was still Roy Sibel, but Bay Ridge had moved up to 2nd. Manarue appeared to be a tired horse, and Pom Pom was a strong 4th. As they drew near the end of the second loop, Manarue took command, followed

Continued On Page Twenty

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Notes From Great Britain

English National Hunt Committee Decides Against Allowing Point-to-Points To Charge Admission

J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

The National Hunt Committee has not thought it wise to allow the appeal made by a number of Masters of Hounds that point-to-point races should become gate-money meetings in view of the fact that motors will be off the roads next Spring. The restrictions on motoring mean that the main source of income (other than the sale of race cards), is denied to those organising point-to-point races. The only other alternative to make them a means of revenue to Hunt funds was to charge for admission. This would have brought these fixtures still more into line with scheduled National Hunt racing, which they have already come to closely resemble. The National Hunt governing body not only saw this, but also that point-to-pointing would still further lose its original character identity, and intention, and that there would certainly be "gate-crashing", and fence-breaking by those who did not wish to pay.

As most point-to-points are in the open country, it would be almost impossible to collect gate-money from any but those ready and anxious to pay for the sport they had come to enjoy. The decision of the N. H. Committee will result in the majority of point-to-points being cancelled so long as motoring restrictions remain in force. Hunt funds will in consequence, suffer a serious blow. It may be that some hunts near enough to big towns to ensure a crowd, will hold their meetings, and make a charge of 5s for race cards, and that a few others will revert to the old, pre-motor days, point-to-points which many of us remember. These events gave a lot of pleasure to farmers, and some of them took

place an hour or two before hounds met, a few young men having a "polly", across an entirely unflagged country for two or three miles to decide which of them was best man, and which had the best horse. This was the origin of Hunt Races, and some think, they were more sporting than today's imitation of racing proper.

Horse Stories

Few who have ridden much have not on occasion been pitched over a horse's head, and have clung on to its neck or head. We have seen not a few steeplechase jockeys somehow get back into the saddle from such an uncomfortable suspended upside-down position, and recently we saw one carried quite a distance with his arms and legs round a horse's neck, as the animal galloped on.

The power a horse has in his neck and head is astounding, and is frequently demonstrated by those which have an aversion to being tied up, and which can break any tackling with which they are fastened. The great St. Simon was one of these. If "racked up" he would break the strongest head collar and chain as though they were cobwebs. He had to be muzzled when being dressed, and always to have a man at his head.

Just before writing this note I was "doing" the head of a big, powerful Thoroughbred. He was apparently enjoying it, his head was nearly down to the ground between my arms, and I was busy with his ears, when something startled him.

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He suddenly threw his head up, and lifted me (10st 4 lbs), off the ground as though I were a feather. I then fell, and he was as surprised as I was. Many of us have been stunned and had either noses broken, or teeth knocked out by a horse we were riding throwing his head up. I am too old to be lifted up and dropped on the concrete floor of a loose box. In fact, I have got to the time of life when I am better at "sissing" than the really energetic strapping horses should have to keep them right, and to the stage when I like their backs down before I get up.

Reverting to jockeys clinging to a horse's neck, it is recorded that

NEWS FROM ABROAD

"Speedy" Payne, who used to ride the difficult Cranbury, was carried a quarter of a mile on that horse's neck, then managed to get back into the saddle and win. Cranbury was very bad at the start, and Payne frequently dismounted, and vaulted into the saddle at the "off". On this occasion he landed on the horse's neck

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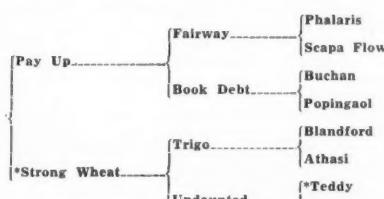
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MISCELLANEOUS

SIX BOX STALLS available for boarding horses. Please contact Donn Davies, Middleburg, Va. Telephone 7-F-23. 12-19-2t-c

Chestnut Ridge Meet

Continued from Page Seventeen

by Bay Ridge, Roy Sibel and Pom Pom. Beautifully ridden by Ralph Taylor, Manarue increased his lead over the downhill fence and galloped hard toward the final jump. Bay Ridge made his bid, but he was unable to get into a challenging position until the coop was behind him. Then he set sail and in a driving finish he beat Manarue by 1-2 half to 3-4 of a length. Roy Sibel finished 3rd, and Pom Pom was 4th.

Three horses started in the flat race of 3-4 of a mile at catchweights B. C. Cence's Cricket, ridden by Teddy Thomas, Chestnut Ridge whipper-in; and Harry Ryan's Dusty and Dusty Jane, ridden by Dick Guyer and Robert Marnel, respectively. The Ryan horses finished barely 1-2 length apart, but both cut a finish flag, and the win was Cricket's. As Dusty and Dusty Jane circled and came through the flags again, it was Dusty Jane 2nd and Dusty 3rd.

A cocktail party and buffet supper at Miss Thompson's home, Friendship Hill, followed the races, and it was there that the championship trophies were presented. Vodka won the ladies' hands down, but Roy Sibel and Manarue were tied in the heavyweights with 8 points each, and Mike, Low Jack and Gold Bud tied in the catchweights with 10 points. Due to the uncertainty of weather and footing it was agreed not to run off two deciding races, but to draw the winners from a hat. Roy Sibel and Low Jack were the drawn winners, and so a splendid season of point-to-point racing was over. Our thanks go to Miss Evelyn Thompson, M. F. H. of Chestnut Ridge, I. L. Horewitz and B. C. Cence for a top-notch day of racing. The judges, Paul S. Vipond, George R. McNary and James Leyburn called the close decisions accurately. It was especially noteworthy throughout all four races this year that the riding and hard-fought finishes have been sportsmanlike and clean. Here's hoping for as highly successful a '48 year as this one has been.

SUMMARIES

Men's race, abt. 4 mi. over flagged hunting country. Catchweights. Winner: ch. g. (8) by Cardinal's Ring—Priscilla Grier. Time: 12:30

1. Gold Bud, (Mrs. Thoburn Smith), Jimmy Murray.

2. Low Jack, (Elmer Guyer), Danny Lenehan.

3. Mike, (Mike Lingenfelter), George Stephens.

Also ran: Alfred Hunt's Flare Flight, Alfred Hunt; R. K. Mellon's Southern Soldier, Sidney Watters, Jr.; Ralph Taylor's Khuy, Ralph Taylor; Dr. V. E. Beldham's Fulton B., Dr. V. E. Beldham; Fred Baer's Blue Bell, Fred Baer; M. L. Ewart's Missy, Teddy Thomas; Ken McClain's Dodie, Ken McClain; pulled up: L. Genovese's Dixie, Bud Binkle.

Ladies' race, abt. 4 mi. over flagged hunting country. Winner: b. g. (10) by "Hazel" Battle Ax. Time: 15:50

1. Vodka, (Susan Burgwin), Miss Susie Hays.

2. Scatterash, (Evelyn Thompson), Miss Roberta Martin.

3. Mr. Smirk, (Evelyn Thompson), Miss Evelyn Thompson.

Also ran: Helen Shaw's Drakil, Miss Helen Shaw; Mark Thompson's Mr. Swig, Miss Elizabeth McNary; B. C. Cence's King Cole, Mrs. Leonard Bughman; Mrs. Ralph Taylor's Rock Tea, Mrs. Ralph Taylor.

Men's heavyweight race, abt. 4 mi. over flagged hunting country. Winner: b. g. (breeding not obtained). Time: 13:21.

1. Bay Ridge, (A. P. Osborn, Jr.), A. P. Osborn.

2. Manarue, (George Chubb), Ralph Taylor.

3. Roy Sibel, (V. D. Darby), Mark Thompson.

Also ran: John R. Wahlgren's Pom Pom, John R. Wahlgren.

English Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page Eleven

so for 50 or a hundred years and it has worked very well there is no need for any change. The fact is, of course that you can't stand still in sport, as in any other form of mental or material activity. Civilisation, in all its aspects, must progress or die.

French horses race for bigger prizes in the cross country sphere with the result that a better class of horse is attracted to the jumping game. Colts and fillies of classic standard often take part in the jumping races. Here we may find one reason for the present day stoutness of French bloodstock. The dam of Prince Chevalier, last season's French Derby winner, won over hurdles during her racing career, and it is reasonable to assume that mares who have shown their courage and hardiness at the jumping game are likely to transmit some of these characteristics to their progeny.

Some Thoughts On A Horse's Education

Three Distinct Degrees of Development From Elementary Dressage To Final Stages Approaching Haute Ecole

Major G. de Roaldes



In the October 31st issue of The Chronicle there appeared an article by Mr. G. Wulff dealing with the difference between "Haute Ecole" (high School) and Dressage. The writer gives the correct translation of the so much misunderstood term "dressage". Mr. Wulff is short and to the point in saying "the word dressage means training"; and he adds that dressage begins the very moment the young horse is given his first lessons under the saddle. Therefore dressage is a process, a means to an end; that is, the education of the horse whether he is destined to be a hack, hunter, show jumper, polo pony or "Haute Ecole" performer.

The purpose of dressage is:

(A) The development and exploitation of the horse's physical strength and moral qualities.

(B) His submission to the will of the rider obtained by a rational and systematic process without the use of force.

(C) To place the horse in the state of balance most favorable for the execution of the rider's demands.

The horse's education is divided into three distinct degrees:

(1) The "elementary" dressage which is just what the qualification implies; a crude training barely permitting the use of the horse without too much danger or difficulty of control.

(2) The "secondary" dressage produces a horse pleasant to ride, "light in hands", keen, obedient, supplied, well balanced, with a smooth and regular way of going, and a safe and reliable performer over obstacles in the case of a hunter or a show jumper.

For practicable purposes the usefulness of dressage ends at that point; that is when the horse graduates—so to speak—from that second grade.

(3) The "superior" dressage, the last phase in the horse's education, gives him a maximum of handiness and brilliancy, an absolute obedience to the aids and establishes a complete harmony between rider and mount.

In this advanced training some of the movements demanded from the horse are "borrowed" from the "Haute Ecole". Such an overlapping creates in the mind of the uninitiated the false impression that dressage (superior) is Haute Ecole, whereas, as Mr. Wulff correctly said: "High School" is dressage, but dressage is not High School". But whether a performance is a display of advanced dressage or an exhibition of "Haute Ecole" it should not include any movements which are not natural to the horse, otherwise it becomes a circus act. It loses its practical and artistic value. Any kind of training that does not tend to improve the horse's natural ability is neither dressage nor "Haute Ecole". What I mean by natural movements are those the horse, under certain circumstances and influences, will execute on his own accord. If we observe the actions of horses at liberty "feeling their oats", playing together or startled suddenly, we see them at times trot in place gracefully for a few steps (Piaffer), or take a high, slow, well cadenced trot (Passage). Being at the gallop they will make an abrupt turn on their haunches (Pirouette) or change leads at every stride... All these movements are executed

with the greatest ease, grace and brilliancy.

Dressage of the third degree is the means of demanding from the horse a repetition of such movements when he is mounted, and without loosing any of the harmony and elegance which characterizes these natural actions. Obviously such movements are very limited in number.

On the other hand what the public sees in most of the many exhibitions camouflaged under the name dressage, are movements contrary to the law of mechanics. Has a horse ever been seen galloping rearwards, or galloping on three legs, or going at the so called "Spanish trot"—a great favorite of circus performers? Never. These artifices are perhaps spectacular on account of being out of the ordinary, and against nature—but they are not harmonious, and are without practical purpose.

So far Mr. Wulff and I are in perfect agreement. We both have the same conception of dressage. But I cannot agree with Mr. Wulff in his statement that the German school is based on natural movements while the French—or Roman as it is sometimes called in Germany—school "recognizes" artificial movements such as the gallop to the rear, the Spanish trot and the like. I do not deny the veracity of the first part of the statement, but I believe Mr. Wulff is misinformed as to the correctness of the second.

I am a disciple of the French school, I have been brought up to respect its doctrines and have been instilled by my masters the thought that to teach the horse unnatural movements is an heresy.

Yes, there is a difference between the German and the French schools, but so slight as to be negligible insofar as we are concerned here. It lies simply in a difference of temperament between the two races. The French give to their horses more freedom, suppleness and elegance—at the expense of absolute accuracy; the Germans are sticklers for strict obedience and academic position bordering on rigidity.

However, thanks to the frequency of international dressage competitions during the last 25 years the difference between the two schools is becoming less pronounced.

In his article Mr. Wulff gives the impression that the Spanish School of Vienna and the French Cavalry School of Saumur are the respective representatives of the classical art of riding for the two races. This is true to a certain extent only. The similarity of these two institutions is more apparent than real, because they are different in character, purpose and way of operation.

The School of Vienna is exclusively devoted to "Haute Ecole" on horses of a special breed, the Lipizzans. Its personnel, instructors and students are limited in number.

On the other hand "Saumur"—like its German counterpart "The Hanover Cavalry School"—is a military institution established for the sole purpose of teaching horsemanship in its broader sense, of developing the young cavalry officers into bold and skillful riders across country on horses suitable for that work—the hunter type. To that effect the instruction is limited to the equitation and dressage of the second degree that is up to the single change of leads in the air; all movements pertaining to superior equitation and dressage and to "Haute Ecole" being excluded.

However, recently, around 1940, a special course "The cours de perfectionnement equestre" has been instituted at Saumur. It is devoted to the teaching of academic equitation for the benefit of a very small number of officers.

What leads to the belief that Saumur is above all, a temple of "Haute Ecole" is the fact that, according to tradition, it is one of the duties of the instructional staff—

Darby Davis Repeats Winning Performance At Oaks Hunt Trials

By Aunty Climax

Everyone, young and old, was relieved and glad when October 26 dawned sunny and warm for The Oaks Hunt Fall Hunter Trials. The Spring Hunter Trials, as no one will ever forget, were blessed with pouring rain.

Darby Davis, Miss Kathryn James' chestnut gelding, doesn't seem to mind any kind of weather or going. With the ease of an old campaigner he repeated his spring triumph at this same place by taking home the championship, and four blues as well. Dibby, as Darby Davis is known around his home, The Mystery Stable, was at one time a fairly successful brush horse. Now he has been turned into a very successful driving horse, polo pony, hack, hunter, show horse, and above all a pet.

Blaze, a stablemate of the champion, owned by Miss Cora Cavanagh, of the redhead tribe and ridden by Ralph Peterson, coasted in to take home the reserve.

Another outstanding horse who was consistently pinned was Jorrocks, owned by P. J. Knickerbocker M. F. H. The Oaks Hunt, and ably

the "ecuyers de Cadre Noir", so-called because of their black uniforms—to perpetuate the art of academical riding, to keep it in all its purity, free from the contamination of unsound doctrines.

The most illustrious "ecuyers-en-chef" of Saumur were the Comte d'Aure in the middle of the last century and a generation later General L'Hotte—a pupil of the former—the greatest master of the modern French school. Both these eminent horsemen condemn severely the practice of teaching artificial movements to the horse. In his "Questions equestres" General L'Hotte emphasizes that point on several occasions. He describes the Spanish walk and trot as movements impairing the good conduct of dressage, because of the lack of harmony between the horse's forehand and the haunches.

It is true, some of the "Haute Ecole" exponents are disregarding the orthodox principles of the art by demanding from their horses a kind of work contrary to nature. Sinners can be found in any creed.

ridden by his daughter Althea.

The three open jumper classes as usual were very exciting. Little Wonder, Miss Mary McGowen's well named, tiny pony (the smallest entry) and Paris, Pierre Dauvergne's grey gelding, (the largest entry) fought it out in each class.

SUMMARIES

Local hunters—1. Modest Lad, Mrs. R. Rich; 2. Jorrocks, P. J. Knickerbocker; 3. Gray Lady, R. A. Froelig; 4. Toni, R. B. Hultz.

Hunter hacks—1. Darby Davis, Kathryn James; 2. Blaze, Cora Cavanagh; 3. War Club, P. Criado; 4. Fitzgerald, J. Friedus.

Lightweight hunters—1. Blaze, Cora Cavanagh; 2. Manfosa, G. Thanhouser; 3. Missy, D. W. Phillips; 4. Fitzgerald, J. Friedus. Middle and heavyweight hunters—1. Golden Nugget, Mrs. F. Henderson; 2. Toni, R. B. Hultz; 3. Jorrocks, P. J. Knickerbocker; 4. Fitzgerald, J. Friedus.

Open jumpers—1. Little Wonder, M. McGowen; 2. Paris, P. Dauvergne; 3. Danny Briar, W. Sheene; 4. Blaze, Cora Cavanagh.

Amateur jumpers—1. Little Wonder, M. McGowen; 2. Real Money, Mrs. D. Van Brunt; 3. Paris, P. Dauvergne; 4. Fitzgerald, J. Friedus. Ladies' hunters—1. Darby Davis, Kathryn James; 2. Modest Lad, Mrs. R. Rich; 3. Golden Nugget, Mrs. F. Henderson; 4. Happy Star, F. Andrea.

Hunt teams—1. Oakbrook, Paris, P. Dauvergne; Gray Lady, Guy Froelig; 2. Oakbar, W. Quinn, Jr.; Arabian Girl, R. Twohig; Gray Lady, Guy Froelig; 3. Danny Briar, W. Sheene; Major, A. Lakin; Negro, T. Kerr; 4. Dandy Briar, W. Sheene; Negro, T. Kerr; Paris, P. Dauvergne.

Knock-down-and-out—1. Paris, P. Dauvergne; 2. Little Wonder, M. McGowen; 3. Thunder, R. B. Hultz; 4. Lazarus, J. Ammon. Handicapped hunters—1. Paris, P. Dauvergne; 2. Gray Lady, Guy Froelig; 3. Major, A. Lakin; 4. Fitzgerald, J. Friedus.

Hunters under saddle—1. Darby Davis, Kathryn James; 2. War Club, P. Criado; 3. Major, A. Lakin; 4. Maniposa, G. Thanhouser. Champion hunter—Darby Davis, Kathryn James. Reserve—Blaze, Cora Cavanagh. Judges: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carver.

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RECEIVING BARN WEEK-END

Very little drama was made in local papers, including Racing Forms etc., of that fantastic night during the local strike at Jamaica when some 20 odd horses which had filled the last few races got stuck in the receiving barn. We had all been shipped over there by the Westchester Racing Association, which had acted quickly and effectively under the direction of Mr. Hackett, the stall manager. However, at about 3:30 p.m. the strike makers found that they could tie the private vans on the ground by claiming that they had no public franchise. Having both my horses there, entered in the 6th and 7th races, I was not in the least worried, even when the feed trucks were stopped coming through the gate, as I figured I could always beat the racket. Your correspondent, true to form volunteered to be the "chauffer" for the people that were stuck there, and the final list of items that we went to Belmont and brought back for various individuals run as follows: 29 screw eyes (the things that hold up feed tubs and buckets etc., etc.) 11 feed tubs, 11 water buckets, 4 bags of crushed oats, 6 bags of whole oats, 9 bales of hay, muck sacks, pitch forks, in fact everything that the large outfits needed. Who says that horsemen do not share? However, the strikers, (incidentally not horsemen but purely union men) intended to keep us there over the week end if possible. Realizing this, us little people had to get "bedded down" for our horses' unexpected weekend in the receiving barn, which we had not been invited to, nor were we enjoying, in spite of the courtesy and excellent service we were receiving. It was all slightly disconcerting, to put it mildly.

Like everything else in life, it did not turn out as badly as we anticipated, for we got out of there Saturday afternoon, a full day before we had expected too. This was a nice surprise for most of us, who had felt we would have to train our horses far away from the home track for days until we could ship home. Well, it was quite an experience anyway! One intrepid soul drove the van out the gate himself, saying he was Mr. Whodedeck. This correspondent wanted awfully to put a cigar in her mouth and say she was Mr. Helis, but lost her nerve at the last minute. As any private van driven by owner was perfectly au fait, I could have gotten away with it, probably, but I did not dare, as the story was that the strikers would tip over any van that they mistrusted.—Liz Payne

NIGHTMARE WITH COFFEE

This story is really too fantastic to be believed, but it is true, hence strictly anonymous. A certain trainer, trying to make it to Florida "cheap" decided to take his own horses down to Tropical Park himself, dispensing with the expense of hiring men to travel with them in the horse car while he luxuriated in a Pullman sleeper. He realized, at Washington, D.C. that the trip was going to be inauspicious, as all the lights went out in the car while he was standing up on the partition tying up his hay racks. He proceeded to fall into the water barrel, cutting up his face rather badly. He also moistened himself considerably.

Came Fayetteville, North Carolina, at 10 A.M. the following morn-

ing, all the other men in the car were yelling for some hot coffee. Our hero, in his usual generous way, allowed as how he would go out and get some for all. As he had only 2 head in the car and the other men were shipping 9, we will believe him on this point, as he had nothing to loose and everything to gain by sticking close to home. We will call it a kindly gesture. He checked with the engineer (the horse car being hooked up right behind the engine) and was assured that said train would not leave the station for at least 20 minutes. Imagine his horror to return some 15 minutes later and, hands filled with steaming containers of coffee, find the train steaming away from the station.

The gentleman naturally was frenzied about his horses, and, although he had his "skipping money" as well as his papers and important items all carefully locked in his tack trunk, he had a small amount of "coffee" money on his person, probably totalling \$15.00. He quickly chartered an airplane. Instructing them to "find the train at once" he felt that he would catch up to his horses. And believe it or not, the airplane flew IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

After this trip of flying around at random, he was fairly happy to be settled down at Florence, South Carolina, hence he sped to call his "owner" (i.e. the person or persons that actually were the possessors of the horses,) and, believe it or not, he couldn't remember the number of the phone. So, all day long he stayed in Florence, South Carolina, on account of he couldn't raise his "owners". Came 8 o'clock at night, owners finally were contacted, and money was sent to him at once. But the fastastic part of this was that the money was sent consistently to Florence, North Carolina, while our hero was sweating it out in Florence, South Carolina. "I have been without cigarettes, food, or sleep, for over 48 hours" said he when the ordeal had passed. Horsemen being what they are, the lost and lonely horses on the train were beautifully tended for, met on the other end in response to the stranded trainer's frantic wires, and cared for in every way possible. Eventually the money got directed to the right place, and the unhappy creature, who had expected to be locked in jail as a vagrant almost any moment, clutched it with screams of joy, and vowed never to buy any one any coffee any more. Can we blame him? —Liz Payne

OUT HUNTING

A series of events mirth provoking, bewildering and infuriating befall The Blue Ridge Hunt during their last few hunts. In the midst of a great run the Field was held up by wire and hounds ran on ahead after their fox. When the wire was circumnavigated the acting Master Mrs. George Greenhalgh, Jr., dashed out of the woods to find no hounds. Suddenly several fields away a red coat was seen with some hounds. Thank heavens for the red coat. Everyone pounded along at a great pace, but neither the red coat nor the hounds happened to move a muscle. Nearer and nearer and still the same mysterious stillness. Obviously the fox had gone to ground but why was it all so immobile, like a Dahlia painting. It struck everyone all of a heap at about the same time. The red coat turned out to be a gasoline pump, the hounds were gasoline cans. Far to the right, a flash of moving scarlet and the cry

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of a hound, sent everyone on their way.

No sooner had the Field recovered from this incident, than one that might have had serious consequences occurred. Huntsman Howard Gar diner, back tracking swiftly along a path, came up over a rise and ran head on into the Field. He swerved off the path, so did Jane Pohl but the same way. Both horses hit head on at full gallop. There was a crack and a smash. The huntsman came up with a sprained wrist. Miss Pohl with a badly banged eye and glasses reduced to powder. Horses were down and both were injured.

The next hunt, some visitors from Washington appeared on the seen in a taxi cab, equipped with shotguns. There was a bright red fox at the Edward Jenkins Red Gate and the Washington varmints spotted him, hurled themselves out of their taxi cab and shot him. Members of the Field, hearing of the outrage, set out with the game warden. A taxi cruising about 75 miles from Washington should not have been too hard to spot on country roads but the lawless ones eluded all pursuit.

ASSISTANCE NEEDED

The Gerald B. Webb, Jr. Memorial Trophy, the feature timber race in Middleburg's Fall Meeting still needs some friends of Gerry's to help pay for the handsome old sterling silver mug made in London over a hundred years ago. This year it was won for the first time by Tino Wave with a good ride from Jimmy Arthur. There was not overmuch competition but there were stiff fences for the son of Valentine to gallop home over. Contributions to the cup should be sent to Mr. D. C. Sands, Chairman, Middleburg Race Committee.

CRAVEN MOVES

Algernon Craven, The Chronicle's special representative in Pennsylvania, has changed his address in Ambler from The National Bank Building to 32 North Main Street, Ambler, Pa. Those Philadelphians wishing to run down our genial and hard working sponsor should keep the new location in mind.

CHALLENGE TROPHY

At the Horse and Mule Association of America meeting at Chicago, Ill., The Maryland Horse's travelling editor, Humphrey Finney, was asked to speak on the splendid progress Maryland has made with regard to pony classes. Following Editor Finney's talk, Lawrence Shepard, owner of the famous Hanover Shoe Farm, was so impressed with the job being done that he made arrangements for a perpetual challenge trophy for presentation at the Maryland State Fair held annually at Timonium. This trophy and a replica would be presented in the breeding section to the junior, not over 14 years old, who had bred, developed and shown the best pony. Such a trophy will present a great incentive to those Maryland youngsters who have been showing some of the top ponies in the circuits.

LEADING IRISH JOCKEY

Martin Molony who rode so well at the Richard Mellons' Rolling Rock Meeting had a bad fall while riding at Leopardstown the 21st of November which will keep him from racing for some time. It happened after, however, this excellent horseman had chalked up sufficient wins to make him leading jockey for the second successive year in Ireland. Among his wins this year in addition to his U.S.A. riding, were the Leopardstown Hurdle, the Irish Oaks, the Ulster Derby. He also had the ride on Cloncarrig for that chasers 3 big wins, the Leopardstown Chase, the Mullingar Gold Cup and the Molyneux Chase. In 150 races, Molony had 45 firsts.

Great Aunt Amelia

by AIDAN ROARK

Great Amelia writes that she has just completed a chapter of her book dealing with sharp practice. "In my life time," she says, "I have run up against a certain amount of dishonesty, but since I was a girl and for many years thereafter, dishonesty, broken promises and broken contracts were the exception rather than the rule. Nowadays it seems to be the other way round. The man who sells you an unsound horse, a worthless bond or wriggles out of a decent agreement is considered a smart fellow. Even people in the highest places (you know who they are) fib, lie and go back on their word, with or without provocation. No wonder the world is in such a devil of a mess."



I asked Paddy Hennessy the blacksmith what he thought about the situation. What with shoeing horses and feeding all the little Hennessy's, Paddy doesn't have much time to think, but he always comes up with a bit of horse sense. "The trouble," said he, "begins in the cradle. Mothers, fathers and those who have nothing better to do, lean over the crib and it's nothing but a string of lies is on their tongues. Don't they tell the poor child that it's beautiful, gorgeous and never the likes of it was seen before. Sure it's a miracle any of them grow up to be half-way decent and they having to listen to all that blarney right from the minute they're foaled."

Then, by way of testing Paddy, I asked him what his new son looked like.

"Well," says Paddy, "he's a sort of liver colored chestnut, with one head, two eyes, a nose, a mouth, the usual number of arms and legs, and he hasn't hardly cried since he came. And the reason he hasn't cried is because the old woman and myself don't be after filling his poor little head with a lot of foolishness that he knows isn't true."

"Now there's a bit of honesty for you. It's a great pity Paddy and his nine boys don't take up philosophy, but he has his heart set on raising a football team."

Chronicle Quiz Answers

- When a horse jumps clean in the show ring his performance is sometimes described by saying "he never laid a toe to it."
- A bit having two extra metal rings to which the check strap is attached.
- Santa Anita Derby: February, Santa Anita Park, California; The Widener Handicap: March, Hialeah Park, Florida; The Experimental Free Handicap: April, Jamaica, New York; The Meadowbrook Steeplechase Handicap: May, Belmont Park, New York.
- A term used in foxhunting to describe a small thicket.
- The Royal Winter Fair at Toronto.
- 7½ minutes.

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Seen In The Hunting Fields



Seen in the Warrenton Hunt field was Mrs. George Sloane on her well turned out SURVEY. The hunt has had some good days and its well panelled country calls for a hunter which is fit and a good jumper. Hawkins Photo



Howard County Hunt's Thanksgiving Day meet was at Doughoregan Manor. Among those out were (l. to r.) Mrs. Edwin Warfield III, Mrs. Edwin Warfield, Jr. and Miss Laura Hanna. Cardell Photo



Whenever there is a gate to be opened, a rail to be lowered, a girth to be tightened, anyone and everyone of the Middleburg Hunt calls for George Bland. At the Thanksgiving Day meet, Joint-M.F.H. D. C. Sands showed the appreciation of the hunt by presenting George with a hunting whip. Darling Photo



Taking time out from his importations of Irish hunters, David D. Odell and Mrs. Odell get in a day with Radnor Hunt. Freudy Photo



Mrs. Lewis Gibb leads the way for Mrs. Robert W. Craig as the two ladies from Long Island join the Va. foxhunters. The weather here has been exceptionally good which has brought in some keen regulars from Northern hunts. Darling Photo



Myopia Hunt Club's M.F.H., Frederic Winthrop, takes time out for his pipe before assuming full duites ahead of the Field. Reynolds Photo

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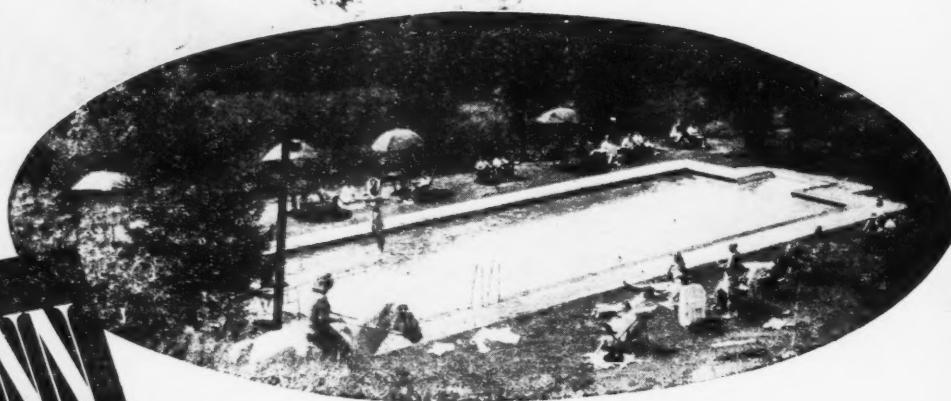
Right: The beautiful swimming pool at Alpine Inn is but one of the many summer attractions at this famous resort.



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